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APRIL 1957

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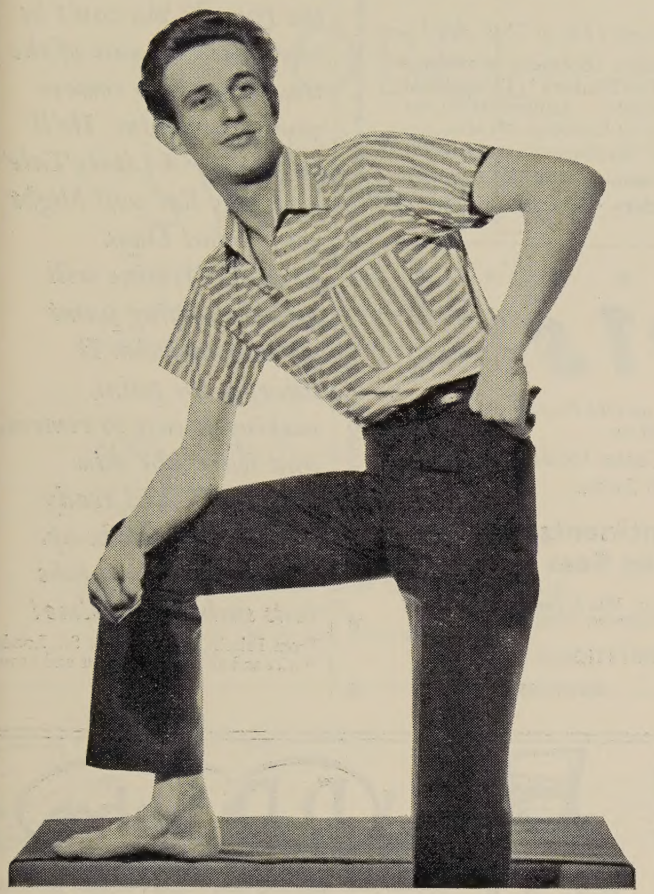

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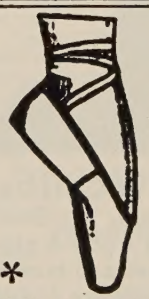

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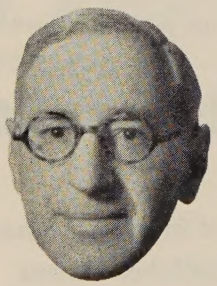

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Personalities of the month

Liubov Tchernicheva

Photo: Carlos

Serge Grigoriev

Photo: Maurice Seymour

A NATIONAL ballet needs to fulfil some of the same functions as a national art collection. One of these functions is the preservation of the past. When our ballet was in its infancy it had the good fortune and wisdom to employ the services of Nicholas Sergeyev, and from this old Russian ballet master "acquired" the finest jewels of the Imperial Russian ballet repertory.

More recently the Royal Ballet has directed its attention to the Fokine repertory. It is true that from the earliest days not very satisfactory productions of *Les Sylphides* and *Carnaval* had figured on British programmes, but it was not until 1954, with the immensely successful revival of *The Firebird*, that Fokine was given the same care and attention previously accorded Petipa and Ivanov. *The Firebird* was followed the following year by an authentic production of *Les Sylphides*, and now this year has been produced the Fokine/Benois masterpiece *Petrouchka*. Behind all these productions have been Serge Grigoriev and his wife, Liubov Tchernicheva.

Grigoriev was a friend of Fokine's, and from the very beginning of the Diaghilev Ballet right up to its last performance he was the company's *régisseur*. Later he undertook the same duties for the companies of Col. De Basil. To say that a *régisseur* in ballet combines the functions of a theatrical producer with an operatic *repetiteur* is to get somewhere near the truth. Grigoriev was—and is—the custodian of the Diaghilev repertoire. In his head and notebooks are all the productions and choreographies. It is this knowledge and love that is now being given to British ballet.

Tchernicheva, his wife, was for many years a principal dancer of the Diaghilev company; also in its later years she became one of its most celebrated teachers. Together they, and one would say they alone, have the key to many of the ballet masterpieces of this century. Since the death of Col. De Basil they have been working free-lance, first for this company and then for that. It would be a wonderful thing for our national company if the Royal Ballet could secure their permanent services. And not only as producers (although we still need ballets like *Carnaval* securely in the repertory), for Tchernicheva's great qualities as a teacher would certainly be a tremendous asset to the school.

April 1957 8th YEAR OF PUBLICATION Vol. 8 No. 4

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS
Assistant Editor: CLIVE A. BARNES
WORLD'S LARGEST SALE IN THE FIELD

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The Story Still Counts

THE person who first decided that the art of ballet was a composite trinity (choreography, music and design) was wrong; a fourth element was left out. The literary background —the "book" or the idea—is equally important. Within a few weeks, two distinguished young choreographers have had their recent creations severely criticised on account of weaknesses in the story. Both choreographers—Cranko and MacMillan—are British and each received a trouncing from the Press of Britain and America on this count. The undoubted merits of *The Prince of the Pagodas*, for the Royal Ballet, and *Winter's Eve* (the full American verdict on which will be published next month), for Ballet Theatre, have not been overlooked in either country. But the general opinion is that both would have benefited immeasurably by better stories.

It seems that here is something to which British ballet must pay serious attention. French ballet has not suffered in this way, though the quality of choreography has not been so high. There they have Jean Cocteau who has been the mainspring of inspiration for ballets since the beginning of the First World War. Much of Roland Petit's success has come from Jean Anouilh and other emiment writers. John Taras's best work, *Piège de Lumière*, owed much to the book of Philippe Heriat. In addition, they have Louis-Bertrand Castelli, now working in Hollywood, whose *Les Algues* was one of the most original ballet scenarios in many a decade. These Frenchmen bristle with ideas, but here in England it is left to the poor choreographer and he should not really have to bother with such things. It is quite enough for one person to think of creating beautiful movement to music without having to bother with trumping up some story to fit the music he has in mind.

The story or idea should be the foundation upon which any ballet is based, and the source of inspiration for the other elements. That is how the ideal ballet is created; but how rarely it happens! Usually the choreographer hears some music he likes on a record, jiggles some plot to fit it and then finds himself in difficulties trying to fit his steps into the rather confused general scheme.

England so far has done little in encouraging writers to turn their creative minds to ballet, but the time is ripe for the literary experts to be brought in. If they cannot be found in this island, then as a temporary measure we should turn to France.

It is no use anybody telling us any more that ballet is only dancing and does not need a narrative. Time has proved that it is only the works with a story or idea that have any lasting value, which is the main reason why *La Sylphide* and *Giselle* are still with us, and very much alive and kicking after over a hundred years.

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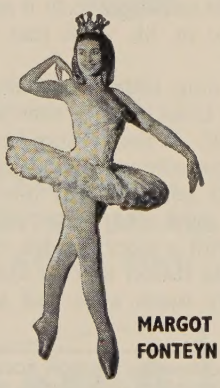

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German Somersault

by WALTER GORE

English choreographer recently appointed Ballet Director at the Opera House in Frankfurt.

FROM mask to face; from bare foot to pink satin toe-shoe; from flat foot back to full point. Somersault!

How strange to see this change happening in Germany, that dark stronghold of the Modern Dance from where the percussive message went out and mesmerised much of the world as the 20th century came in. Strange also to realise that *Giselle*, *Swan Lake*, *Coppélia*, *The Nutcracker* all have German story origin but no basis in German dance repertoire.

Yet once upon a time the accepted classical form did exist there and was even strong enough to provide some of the brightest stars to decorate and immortalise the Imperial Ballet stage of St. Petersburg. And was it not Heinel of Stuttgart who invented the *attitude*?

Berlin and many another German city nightly watched with rapture the magic of the Taglionis, the Elsslers, and the ballets they danced, showering on them idolatrous applause. The Romantic Ballet was as much a part of the artistic and social life of 19th-century Germany as it was of England and France and Russia. German audiences were part of the vast army of enslaved followers of Terpsichore; yet hard on her romantic heels came the last quarter of the century, bringing with it the bitter seeds of the Great Decline.

One brave attempt was made in Berlin's Viktoria Theatre to start a new creative stream and revitalise the shrivelling interest, but to no avail. Quite suddenly the glorious days were done, leaving but a tarnished remnant as an appendage of opera to recall the bravura and flower-thrown days. One Press comment of the period laments the passing of so much beauty and, referring to a performance of *Sardenapel*, regarded as the last attempt to keep the old ballet form alive in its own right, flays it as being "tedious, dull, pretentious and stupid."

This was the death blow and from then on those who remembered what had been lost found some consolation in an occasional performance of *Die Puppenfee*, which event came to be known to the faithful as "Nostalgia Night." So, with memories fading, the 19th century passed away, taking with it all the precious experience, all the dancers, the teachers and the guiding criticism, leaving the 20th century to enter upon an empty stage swept bare and ready to receive whatever was coming.

What did come was revolutionary and brought a change as violent by contrast as that came slowly at first on the gauzed arms of Loie between Pompadour and Sans Culotte. It (Butterfly) Fuller. Then, speeding the tempo, the voice of a foreign prophetess heralded the coming storm. "Das Ballett ist tot!—The ballet is dead!" she thundered, and the revolution gathered speed to a noisy crescendo as Isadora Duncan was cheered and chaired through the streets by students and followers of the New Dance form.

"Superb!" exclaimed the new generation of critics as she freestyled her body around the stages of Berlin and beyond. Roaring defiance at Diaghilev's visiting troupe, she kept her followers solidly behind her, while attacking those waverers who were drawn to the Russian magnet.

"Das Ballett ist tot!" she roared again and again, and with the emergence of Laban to carry her creed to fruition, the new generation struck out on its long, aggressively creative journey, starkly lit and sparsely clothed.

The revolt was on. Out of the broken windows went *poco a poco* tarlatan wilis, pink nymphs, handsome shepherds, golden gods and goddesses, together with their chariots, all regarded now as so much junk. While striding in through the gaping doors came Complex Man in Conflict with his Soul. Danton, Robespierre, Marat, Mirabeau, those prophets and disciples of bloody reformation, found their opposite numbers in Duncan, Laban, Wigman and Kreutzberg.

"*A bas les aristos!*" became "*Das Ballett ist tot!*": the Marseillaise of German Dance. It was as if the Taglionis had never existed. Nothing remained, not even nostalgia. The very foundations of the old order were uprooted, by which act the new forces at work proved themselves more radical though less perceptive than their Russian counterpart.

This determined exodus into the wilderness of the dance had an enormous tidal wave effect on Central and Northern Europe, even reaching as far as America, which is perhaps not surprising. England alone failed to react, except

continued on page 17

CLASSIC REVIVAL: (top) Act II of Alan Carter's revival of Giselle *at the Bavarian State Opera in Munich. Irène Skorik as Giselle, Heino Hallhuber as Albrecht and Joan Harris as Myrthe. The designs are by Fabius Gugel. This is the kind of ballet which is most popular in Germany now.*

(Left) A group from a ballet by von Laban when he was at the State Opera in Berlin. Modern Dance works such as this dominated the German dance world until the present classical revival.

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[NCC 108F]

The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore

First performed in Coolidge Auditorium on October 21, 1956. First given by New York City Ballet at City Centre, New York, on January 15, 1957. Music and choreography by Gian Carlo Menotti. Choreography by John Butler. Scenery and lighting by Jean Rosenthal. Costumes designed by Robert Fle cher and executed by Karinska.

Cast

The Countess — JANET REED
The Count — ROY TOBIAS
Man in the Castle (The Poet) — NICHOLAS MAGALLANES
The Unicorn — ARTHUR MITCHELL
The Gorgon — EUGENE TANNER
The Manticore — RICHARD THOMAS
The Mayor and his Wife — JOHN MANDIA, BARBARA MILBERG
The Doctor and his Wife — JONATHAN WATTS, WILMA CURLEY

THIS madrigal fable tells the story of a strange Man in the Castle who "shunned the Countess' parties . . . yawned at town meetings, would not let the Doctor take his pulse and did not go to church on Sundays."

When he is seen on Sunday "leading by a silver chain a captive Unicorn," the Man in the Castle is mocked by the townsfolk. But soon, following the lead of Count and Countess, they imitate him and "every respectable couple is seen promenading a Unicorn."

On the second Sunday the Man in the Castle appears at a picnic with a Gorgon, "stately and proud." To the queries of the townsfolk as to the fate of the Unicorn he answers that since the Unicorn "only liked to gambol and tease" he quickly grew tired of the fun and "peppered and grilled him." Soon shocked surprise turns to envy and Gorgons are the rage.

On the third Sunday the Man in the Castle appears with "the lonely Manticore." He tells the scandalised townsfolk that the Gorgon "died of murder." Although at first everyone declares that "the man must be out of his mind" the townsfolk again bow to his influence, and having secretly disposed of their Gorgons they bring the Manticore into fashion.

When the Man in the Castle is "seen no more walking on Sunday with his Manticore," the townsfolk, sure that the beast has met the same fate as the Unicorn and the Gorgon, form a committee and march on the Castle to "stop all these crimes."

There they find the Man dying in the "faithful and harmonious company" of the three animals, "pain wrought children of a Poet's fancy." They are the dreams of youth (the Unicorn), manhood (the Gorgon), and old-age (the Manticore). These creations were easily discarded by his imitators as they were adopted by them only as passing whims. But in the Poet's heart they remained intact, for they were the very essence of his life.

The entire meaning of the fable is contained in the final words of the dying Poet:

Oh, foolish people
Who feign to feel
What other men have suffered,
You, not I, are the indifferent killers
Of the Poet's dreams.
How could I destroy
The pain wrought children of my fancy?
What would my life have been
Without their faithful
And harmonious Company?
Unicorn, Unicorn,
My youthful, foolish
Unicorn,
Please do not hide, come close to me.
And you, my Gorgon,
Behind whose splendour
I hid the doubts of midday,
You, too, stand by.
And here is my shy and lonely Manticore
Who gracefully leads me to my grave.
Farewell, farewell.
Equally well I loved you all.
Although the world may not suspect it,
All remains intact within
The Poet's heart.
Farewell, farewell.
Not even death do I fear
As in your arms I die.

HARMONIOUS COMPANY: Mitchell (the Unicorn), Tanner (the Gorgon), Magallanes (the Poet) and Thomas (the Manticore) in John Butler's ballet. *Photo: William McCracken*

DESCRIBED as "a madrigal fable for chorus, 10 dancers and 9 instruments," this new lyric theatre work gave promise of being one of the most important works of the season. Since Menotti is one of America's most distinguished musicians, one had every right to expect that this new production would be a union of music, voice, dance and mime. The result, however, turned out to be a mature and beautiful musical work that is an entity in itself. For this reason, partially, the choreography seems unnecessary since, in this instance, it only illustrates what the chorus is singing about.

At the première the chorus was placed at one side of the stage. In subsequent performances, however, they were moved to the orchestra pit, and here at least they do not distract quite so much attention from the stage movement. As choreographer, John Butler has provided the dancers with movement and mime that exactly illustrate the text, and thus the audience is constantly provided with a double narrative which gives the work a tautological effect.

As the "madrigal fable" is now given, two of the individual performances are outstanding. Janet Reed, who has emerged from semi-retirement, dances the pivotal rôle of the Countess and gives one of the finest performances of her career. One wishes, however, that John Butler, who used to be a member of

A YOUNG GIRL MATURES: Two scenes from Doris Humphrey's Descent into the Dream, *which recently had its first performance at the Juilliard School of Music in New York. Photos: W. H. Stepham*

Martha Graham's company, had not provided her with so many movement passages that were reminiscent of Graham. Nicholas Magallanes, as the Poet, is equally excellent. This is a beautifully mounted production with original scenery and effective lighting by Jean Rosenthal, and Robert Fletcher's costumes are excellent.

In this work Menotti has given us one of his most distinguished pieces of music. One only wishes that Martha Graham or Jose Limon had been given the opportunity to choreograph it. Then we might have had an approach that would have used Menotti's framework as a springboard for a genuinely creative experience in the lyric theatre.

Arthur Todd

Descent into the Dream

First given by the Doris Humphrey Modern Dance Company at the Juilliard School of Music of January 11, 1957. Choreography by Doris Humphrey. Music by Goffredo Petrassi (*Recréation Concertante*, 1953). Setting and Costumes by William Roberts. Lighting by Thomas de Gaetani.

Cast

Young girl .. MAUREEN GILLICK

Childhood .. FLORENCE PETERS, POLIGENA ROGERS, JANET BYER, MARGOT HOLDSTEIN

Youth .. .. .. DAVID WYNNE, MARTIN MORGINSKY, HARLAN McCALLUM, DUREVOL QUITZOW, KEVIN BRUCE CARLISLE, CHESTER WOLENSKI, JEMIMA BEN-GAL, MARGOT HOLDSTEIN, POLIGENA ROGERS, JANET BYER, FLORENCE PETERS

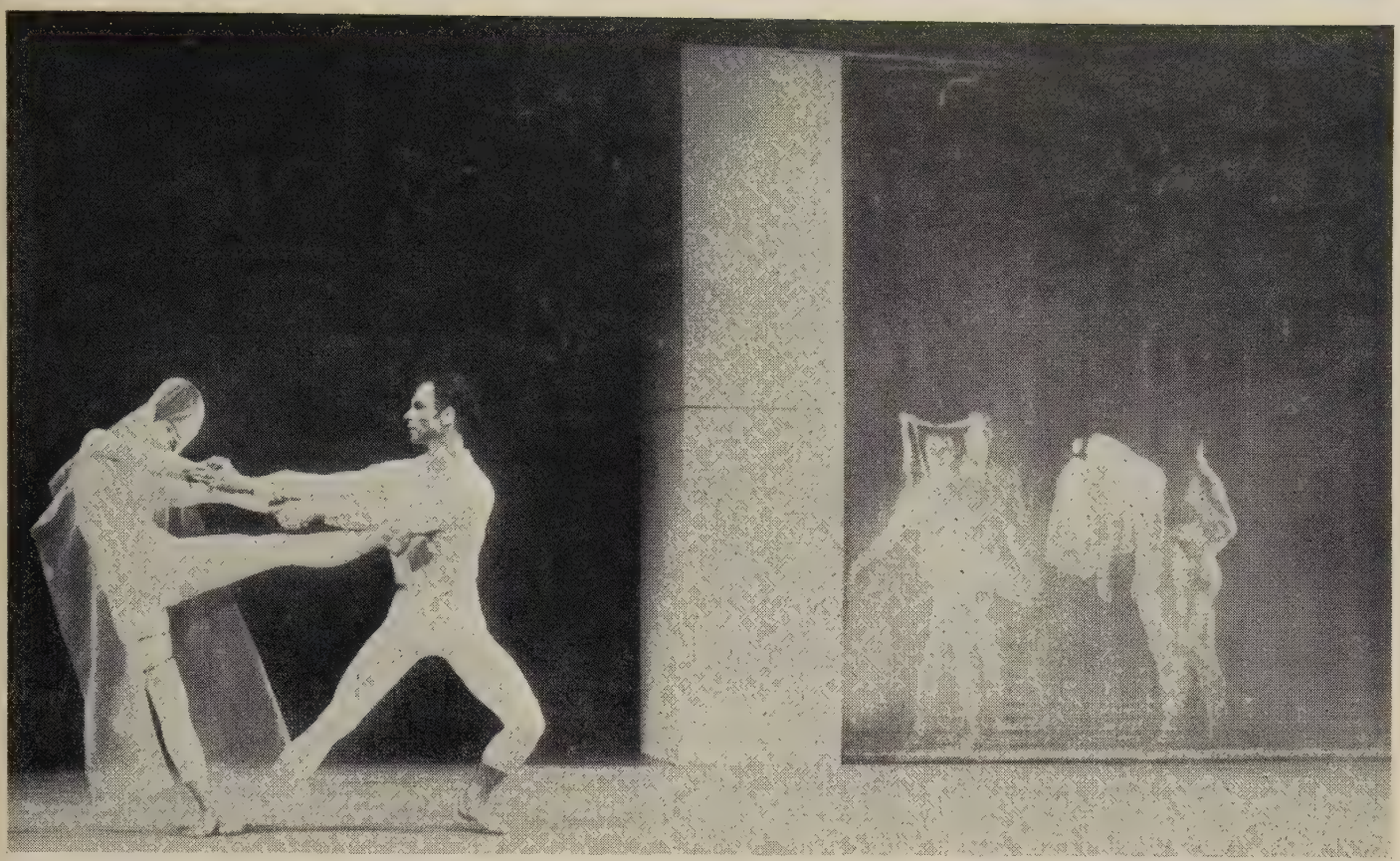
Womanhood .. MELISA NICOLAIDES, PATRICIA CHRISTOPHER, MARTHA WITTMAN, JOYCE TRISLER

DESIGNED for the permanent Modern Dance Company that was founded in 1954 at the Juilliard School of Music, this new ensemble work provides a gratifying opportunity for this gifted young company. Set in purely abstract terms, this work deals with a young girl's growing to maturity, and its three sections deal with childhood, youth and womanhood. This is purely a lyric dance work, and in every way is a more important work than Humphrey's work of last season, *Dawn in New York*. Its central section, with its lovely movement passages, is the most beautiful part of the work, and it is danced gloriously by this company.

For a modern dance work the setting was very interesting indeed, since the central figure of the young girl was first seen suspended on a couch high above the stage. This was lowered at the time she took part in the stage action. Reminiscent of the 19th-century Romantic ballet, this device gave some the feeling that the work was purely sentimental. However, this was a highly creative use of stage space and décor, and, in the way it was handled, it seemed right. The costumes had an almost Greek simplicity, were cut beautifully, and the colours seemed most appropriate.

This is one of the most promising young dance ensembles in New York City, and one wishes that it and its distinguished director-choreographer had opportunities for many more showings in New York.

Arthur Todd



NOCTURNES: *Merce Cunningham's Dance Company in a ballet to Erik Satie music and with costumes and décor by Bob Rauschenberg. Cunningham is seen on the left of the picture with Viola Farber.* *Photo: Louis A. Stevenson jun.*

Merce Cunningham and Dance Company, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, New York, on January 12, 1957, gave the first New York performances of four recent works:

Suite for Five

First given at Notre Dame University, May 18, 1956. Choreography by Merce Cunningham. Music by John Cage. Costumes by Bob Rauschenberg. Lighting by Nicola Cernovich.

Cast
MERCE CUNNINGHAM
CAROLYN BROWN
MARIANNE PREGER
VIOLA FARBER
REMY CHARLIP

THIS ballet (as it is called by its choreographer) is a development of his earlier *Solo Suite in Space and Time*. A programme note states that "the events and sounds . . . revolve around a quiet centre which, though silent and unmoving, is the source from which they happen." There are six sections: Solo—*At Random*; Trio—*Transition*; Solo—*Stillness*; Duet—*Extended Moment*; Solo—*Excursion*; Quintet—*Meetings*.

In its revised form this is one of Cunningham's most beautiful works, a serene and untrammelled masterpiece. In a recent article James Waring said that "if Mr. Cunningham's dances have 'stories' they perhaps take place beyond the scenery, out of view of the audience." What takes place before our eyes is arresting and brilliant: the duet in particular, marvellously performed by Cunningham and Carolyn Brown, explores the possibilities of supported adagio in a *plastique* idiom of astonishing originality.

Galaxy

First given at Notre Dame University, May 18, 1956. Choreography by Merce Cunningham. Music by Earle Brown (*Four Systems*). Costumes by Remy Charlip. Lighting by Nicola Cernovich.

Cast
CAROLYN BROWN
MARIANNE PREGER
VIOLA FARBER
REMY CHARLIP

THIS is Cunningham's first work for members of his company, without himself. A dance of tremendous complexity, it is difficult to watch—partly because one feels that the dancers themselves have not yet fully assimilated it. However, further acquaintance will doubtless prove rewarding.

Lavish Escapade

First given at the Principia, St. Louis, Missouri, November 9, 1956. Choreography and costume by Merce Cunningham. Music by Christian Wolff. Lighting by Nicola Cernovich.

THIS solo, described as "an adventure into an uncharted territory," is one of Cunningham's most violent and disturbing dances. Again, this is a dance that demands to be seen again and again—though its initial impact is powerful indeed. It has the terrifying and inescapable intensity of a nightmare.

Nocturne

First given at Jacob's Pillow, Massachusetts, July 10, 1956. (Commissioned by Ted Shawn for the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival.) Choreography by Merce Cunningham. Music by Erik Satie. Décor and costumes by Bob Rauschenberg. Lighting by Nicola Cernovich.

Cast
MERCE CUNNINGHAM
CAROLYN BROWN
VIOLA FARBER
MARIANNE PREGER
REMY CHARLIP
BRUCE KING

THIS ballet is in five parts that move, as the choreographer's note states, "from dusk to the witching hour." Once again, there is no story, the dance simply and subtly evokes the atmosphere of a *nuit blanche*. It is as unemphatic, tender, and poetic as a landscape seen in bright moonlight. Like Cunningham's earlier Satie ballet *Septet*, *Nocturnes* deserves a place in a ballet repertory, though it is hard to imagine that even the best ballet dancers could perform it as beautifully, and as selflessly, as his own devoted company. Both dance and décor were enhanced by Nicola Cernovich's exquisite and imaginative lighting.

In a recent statement about the work of Merce Cunningham, John Cage, musical director of the company, said: "We are not, in these dances and music, saying something. We are simple-minded enough to think that if we were saying something we would use words. We are rather doing something. The meaning of what we do is determined by each one who sees and hears it. . . . I may add that there are no stories and no psychological problems. There is simply an activity of movement, sound, and light. . . . The novelty of our work derives therefore from our having moved away from simply private human concerns towards the world of nature and society of which all of us are a part. Our intention is to

continued overleaf

NOCTURNES: *Another picture of Merce Cunningham's ballet to Satie music. (Left to right), Marianne Preger, Bruce King, Carolyn Brown, Remy Charlip, Merce Cunningham and Viola Farber.* *Photo: Louis Stevenson jun.*

affirm this life, not to bring order out of chaos nor to suggest improvements in creation, but simply to wake up to the very life we're living, which is so excellent once one gets one's mind and one's desires out of its way and lets it act of its own accord. **David Vaughan**

Zizi triumphs in new medium

THE music hall, more than any other branch of the theatre, brings pure entertainment to that collective group of humanity known as "the people." It never aims at "egg-heads" but, at its best, hits plumb in the navel of every section of the human race. In its heyday, at the end of the last century and during the first quarter of this, it produced some of the greatest stars the theatre has ever known. What is more, the most famous artists of the straight theatre and of ballet were honoured to appear on the hallowed boards of the music hall. Never did these people undertake such appearances with any sense of shame; they were glad to bring their art to an audience who might not otherwise have considered them.

In recent years, the music hall has gone into a decline, the reasons for which are too many to enumerate here. The main reason, however, has been the shocking lack of stars who know how to get their material across the footlights—it is not enough for a film-star or record crooner merely to clutch a microphone and submit the public to a succession of dreary songs delivered by an untrained voice. No, far more than this is necessary—great talent for instance, and innate sense of timing and of theatre, above all an understanding of the public, of its joys, sorrows and the way it breathes.

There are in the world today still a few, a pitifully small number, who understand all this —Gracie Fields, Maurice Chevalier, Danny Kaye and Judy Garland. These are the true stars of the music hall though, of course, there are innumerable acrobats, jugglers and comedy turns, brilliant in their way but never the real *étoiles*, the top-liners, nor would they ever consider themselves as such.

For many years now we have thought of Zizi Jeanmaire as being a unique artist of the dance, recently she has proved herself to be at home in films and revue, but it was a brave move on her part to embark on an hour-long *Tour de Chant* at the Alhambra Theatre in Paris on February 15 before an audience which, though composed in a small part of those who know her as a dancer, were mainly a typical music hall audience and none is more exacting.

It was fitting that she should be introduced by Maurice Chevalier on her first performance. In his speech he placed Zizi in the family tree of Mayol and Mistinguette. An auspicious baptism. It was almost like a bullfighter taking his *alternativa* when a seeded matador introduces the apprentice Matador as a full Matador de Toros by handing his first fight over to the newcomer. In just such a way did Chevalier, that veteran and most seeded of all music hall stars, hand over the stage of the theatre which is now his to the ballerina who was trying out for the first time an entirely new medium.

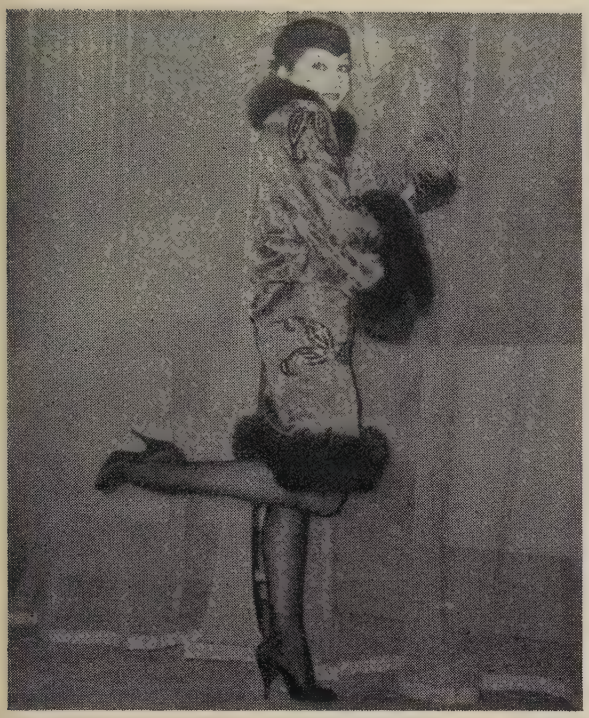
The curtains part, the orchestra of Michel Legrand, ranged across the huge stage, strikes up an introduction. With arms held high in welcome, Zizi strides on dressed in sheer black silk tights and a rather transparent black shirt. She looks tiny in this vast theatre which seems about the same size as our Davis Theatre in Croydon; those of us who wish her so well in this her first appearance in music hall get a slight sinking feeling in the stomach. Will she get across?

She approaches the microphone and faces it as a friend of many years—not a moment's hesitation—and goes straight into her first number, *Ah dis donc, dis donc*. It is true, of course, that Zizi is not entirely new to the art of putting a number over for did she not sing in Petit's ballet *La Croqueuse de Diamants* and later in a number of films such as *Hans Christian Andersen*, *Anything Goes* and *Folies-Bergère*? In the ballet, the fact that a dancer could sing at all made us overlook any faults in execution, in the films we never took her too seriously because everyone knows that voices can be "dubbed" and their volume magically regulated. On the music hall stage, apart from being miked-up, it is impossible to cheat. There is nothing phoney about the music hall artist and only real ability is acceptable.

Zizi proved from the moment she opened her mouth that she has ability-plus. She has the deep, rather husky raucous voice of the Paris streets. She gets every ounce out of every line by subtle inflection just as Mistinguette used to, just as our Gracie Fields always has ever since she was a girl fresh from the mills of Rochdale.

With no business or patter other than announcing the titles of each number, she sings two numbers straight, after which she leaves the stage for a few moments while Rino Adipietro makes his entrance. When Zizi returns she is dressed in a preposterous 'twenties coat, hat and ostrich feather fan to repeat her *Les Tatouages* which was the hit of the recent Revue des Ballets de Paris. A 'twenties lady (period—*Les Biches*) has a penchant for men who are tattooed. To her lascivious cries of "Tattoo! Tattoo!" Adipietro performs a strip-tease revealing his formidable gallery of the tattooer's art—the lady's fan covers the culmination of this performance. It is all rather naughty and a lot of fun.

In two other numbers, she is assisted by four dancing boys—Lucien Mars, Pierre Franck, André Pogorsky and Luis Bernardo. They introduce *Je suis la femme* in the sort of slick, crisp way one associates with the cabaret act of



LES TATOUAGES: *Zizi in one of the most successful numbers from the Ballet de Paris Revue which she repeated in her music hall turn.*

ELLE CHANT: *Zizi in black silk tights and shirt, the costume in which she sang most of her music hall songs at the Alhambra in Paris.* *Photos: Lido*

Kay Thompson. This dancing leads up to the entrance of Zizi, which is worthy of the great days of French revue with Mistinguette and Josephine Baker. Adopting a typical "Baker" strut she sings and dances in a pink and black corset bodice, ropes of pearls swinging from hip to hip, and a huge spray of pink and black feathers sprouting out at the back.

In this number we suddenly realise that here again is the glamorous star of revue and music hall which the last decade has so sadly lacked. A few more songs, mainly those she sang in the *Folies-Bergère* film, and she finishes with the song of the lady who loves to crunch diamonds. After what must have been a very exhausting 40 minutes, I think it was too much to ask her to dance the *adage* and *variation* from *Croqueuse*. She did it well, not as well as she used to, but after the superb entertainment that had gone before, the steps of ballet suddenly became rather trite.

There was not the slightest doubt but that in her new career Zizi had triumphed. Whether it would have been possible without the theatre training that only ballet can give is doubtful. We have a new star in the firmament and let nobody ever again say that there is anything humiliating about a dancer appearing in music hall—stars are welcome anywhere and at any time they care to shine. **Peter Williams**

ZIZI ON THE HALLS: Jeanmaire in one of her most successful numbers—Je suis la femme—*at the Alhambra in Paris. In this number she is assisted by Lucien Mars, André Pogorsky, Perre Franck and Luis Bernardo. Her tail of rare feathers cost over* £400. *Photo: Lido*

DESIGN BY BAKST; The drawing by Léon Bakst of Ida Rubinstein as Saint Sébastien in the 1911 *production at the Théâtre du Châtelet in Paris.*

Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien

Mystery in Five Mansions by Gabriele d'Annunzio. Music by Claude Debussy. Scenery and costumes by Félix Labisse. Production and choreography by Maurice Jacquemont and Serge Lifar. First performance at the Paris Opéra, February 8, 1957.

Cast (*excluding sung rôles*)

The Saint	LUDMILLA TCHERINA
The Emperor	PAUL-EMILE DEIBER (of the Comédie Française)
The Sorrowing Mother	PAULETTE DYNALIX
The Young Girl with fever	MLLE. LEROY
Sanae	M. DUTHOÎT
Gudenne	M. HERAULT
Prefect	M. BLANC

With the *corps de ballet* of the Opéra and the Opéra-Comique.
Conductor: Louis Fourestier.

ON May 21, 1911, the Théâtre du Châtelet saw the creation of Gabriele d'Annunzio's Mystery. Léon Bakst had designed five archaic sets and 500 costumes in a style midway between the *quattrocento* and glistening orientalism, making of each scene a stained-glass window in movement. The choreography was by Michel Fokine.

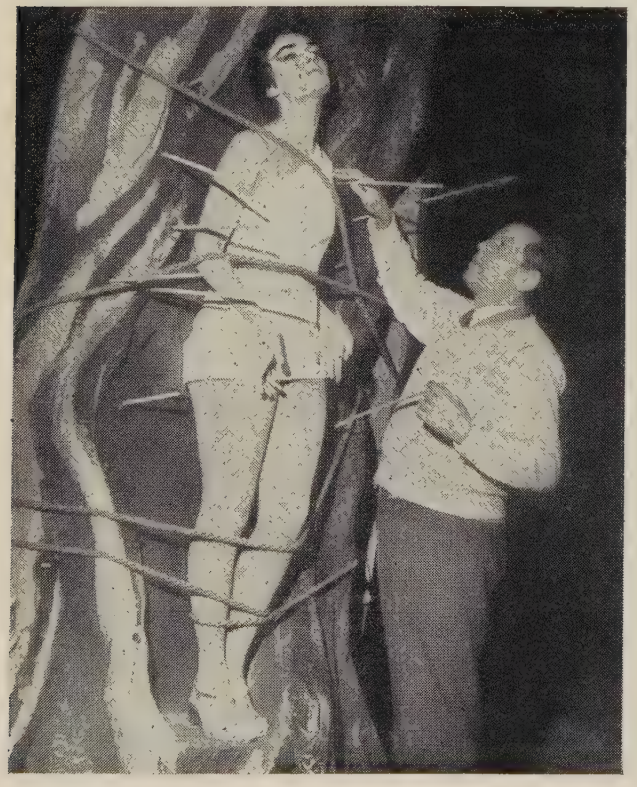
It was for Ida Rubinstein that the Italian poet had written, in French, this baroque, grandiose work whose mysticism was transformed dangerously into a sensuous dream after the fashion of the late Empire. Despite a kind reception from the critics, reservations were immediately made that the text was too long and the subject in doubtful taste. Still, the admirable music which Claude Debussy wrote in three months contained passages of a very high quality and the personality of the principal player Ida Rubinstein held the work together.

Cuts were made in the various revivals of the work, and Hubert Devillez's new version, which has just been produced at the Opéra, reduces the poem to a minimum, the emphasis being laid on the score and the choreographic production.

With the exception of the two leading characters, Sébastien and the Emperor, the rôles are exclusively enacted by dancers, the voices, recorded by anonymous actors under the direction of Maurice Jacquemont, being dubbed. Once the first surprise has passed, this procedure is quickly accepted. Also, the singers are relegated to the orchestra pit and the proscenium boxes, which confers the double advantage of bringing the voices together and leaving the stage to the dancers. The balance of the work is thus shifted in favour of music and gesture.

Judging by the first performance, one need only say that the work contains admirable passages and that Louis Fourestier, the soloists and the orchestra bring out even the slightest nuance.

From the choreographer's point of view, Serge Lifar had some complex problems to solve. Firstly, how to keep the scene in constant movement without exaggeration and with very simple means, the dance, properly speaking, being hardly ever developed and ill-sustained by Debussy's fluent score. Secondly, how to impose a style on a work which is hybrid in form and from certain aspects extremely old-fashioned. Wherever he has been given latitude, he has been successful. He has conceived



MARTYRDOM REHEARSAL: (Left) Serge Lifar placing the arrows around the body of Ludmilla Tcherina during a final rehearsal. (Right) Tcherina as Saint Sébastien in the costume she wears throughout the dance-drama.

Photos: Lido

MARTYRED INNOCENT: A dramatic moment from Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien, *showing Labisse's costumes and décor. Ludmilla Tcherina (centre) as the Saint.*

vast living tableaux in perpetual movement, linear and harmonious in design, of which the best moments, apart from the rôle of Sébastien and the Dance of the Lilies, are the fourth act (Sébastien's Death), the movements of the archers, and some of the *cortèges* in the third act. The final Procession of the chosen suffers greatly from sets and costumes in very doubtful taste.

Of the five sets by Félix Labisse, only that of the fourth act is wholly successful. Apollo's laurel wreath stands out against the transparent sky of the cyclorama which throws into relief the various attitudes of the archers like an antique frieze. The Magic Chamber and the evocation of the false gods unfortunately lack this quality of economy and stern restraint. It is the same with the many coloured costumes, of which those in classical style of Emèse's cohort and its leader Sébastien have a pleasing distinction.

In the leading rôle Ludmilla Tcherina has won great success, which is all the more remarkable in that the plan decided on was fraught with danger. But she has succeeded in conquering the snares of this travesty rôle and investing it, seriously and authoritatively, with the spirit of the pale adolescent she represents. Her talent as an actress apart, she also brings to the rôle, from the plastic aspect, a constant harmony of line, precision and firmness, and a dramatic presence.

In addition, one must make special mention of Paulette Dynalix who gives, with sincere tragic feeling and mastery, a moving portrayal of the Sorrowing Mother. M. Blanc lacks power in his interpretation of the Prefect, and Mille. Leroy, radiance in her rendering of the girl with fever, while the part of the freed Gudenne, played by M. Hérault, falls into the background. M. Duthoit makes a very fine archer Sanae. The Opéra *corps de ballet* has been specially augmented by the company from the Opéra-Comique. M. Parrès and Jacques Chazot both stood out. The *sujets* played the archers with restraint.

To sum up, M. Georges Hirsch's presentation extracts the best from an out-of-date text, a very difficult subject, and a very beautiful score.

Marie-Françoise Christout

DEATH OF SEBASTIEN: Tcherina pierced with arrows in a final moment of Lifar's re-creation of Gabriele d'Annunzio's epic tragedy. Photos: Lido

Spain in Paris

XIMENEZ-VARGAS BALLET ESPAÑOL

AT about the distance from the Arc de Triomphe of a well shouted "Olé," there is a corner of Paris which seems almost to be forever Spain—Le Théâtre de L'Etoile.

Here down a passage off the Avenue de Wagram, most of the principal Spanish dance companies give their Paris seasons. Most of them, that is, except Antonio, whose company is too large for the small stage. No sooner has one Spanish company finished its season at the Etoile than another one comes in. Within the space of a few weeks this theatre has shown Pilar Lopez and her company, Luisillo and his Spanish Dance Theatre, Lola Flores and, most recently, the Ximenez-Vargas Ballet Español.

The stage is small and not very well equipped, but the auditorium is just about the right size for intimacy, so necessary in Spanish dancing, between the dancers and the public.

For many years the heads of this company—Roberto Ximenez and Manolo Vargas—were principal male dancers with Pilar Lopez and before that in the Ballet Español of Argentinita. They were the shining lights on the male side of that most important of all Spanish companies. Important because it was the first to collect the varying dances of Spain into an intelligent theatrical form. Today, every Spanish dance group owes a very great debt to the pioneering work of the sisters Lopez, much as does ballet in Britain owe a debt to the early work of Marie Rambert.

The great style with which Argentinita and Pilar Lopez impregnated all who worked with them has kept theatrical Spanish out of the cheap and vulgar category which it could, and has in the hands of some people, so easily descend to. This particular aristocratic style was always noticeable in the work of Ximenez and Vargas and they have passed it on to those who work in the company which bears their name.

A year ago I saw this group for the first time, in Dublin. Then it merely consisted of the two men with two elegant girls—Ana Mercedes and Victoria Salcedo—plus a singer (Fina Vivo), a guitarist and a pianist. It was all in very good taste but rather scrappy, as the show took on more of the air of a Spanish recital. A few months later I saw them again, during their first Paris season at the Etoile, when the group was larger and more experienced, but the programme still consisted of too many short numbers.

The third viewing I had of this group was in February at the same Paris theatre. This time there was a very marked improvement and the programme had been consolidated and tightened-up all round. It was also larger. Gone were the continual black-outs and curtain-drawings which play such havoc with any programme. Now the dances have been collected together in five main groups with just a few individual numbers interspersed between them. Seldom have I seen such handsome men and elegant and beautiful girls in a Spanish dance programme, in addition to which they all have considerable talent.

The show opened quietly and suitably with *Escuela Bolero*, consisting of classical dances—*Panaderos*, *La Curra Flamenca* and *Boleros del Burreao*—all given with taste and understanding. I found though that Salcedo in *La Curra* tended to smile at the audience too much and treat the dance as if it were a sort of private joke which she did not wholely believe in.

The little scene of jealousy arranged to the flamenco *Peternera*, which followed, was effective theatre and particularly well done by Ximenez, Vargas and Ana Mercedes. The next suite consisted of dances from Aragon arranged as a fiesta with high spirited dancers and a maypole—very gay and lively and with more point than these Aragonese scenes of *Jota* dancers usually have.

Suite Andalouse ended the first half of the programme, the *Malaguenas* from which provided an opportunity of seeing Alberto Portillo. He is the dancer who first appeared in England at Covent Garden in a lecture recital given by Lolita Pedroso on a Sunday afternoon some years ago. After that he became a student at the Sadler's Wells School. He has developed a fresh and virile personality and is a strong dancer, all of which make him ideal for the regional dances of Spain. He provides a good contrast to the more sullen fire of the company's two principal male dancers, both of whom were excellent in the *Fandangos* which ended the suite.

A group of dances from South America opened the second half and included the beautiful *Huayno* from Peru, given with touching gravity by Ximenez and Mercedes; also the now well-known dance of Mexican Dolls, *Munegos Mexicanos*, with Ximenez, Vargas and Salcedo as three mischievous puppets. Sandwiched between these numbers were two Argentinian dances, one of which was given by two very promising newcomers—Pepita Reyes and Jose Lopez. She was particularly effective in her *Seguidillas* given in a series of solos, later, by the principal members of the company. Also in this group was a well-executed classical *Bolero* by Portillo, who needs a little more *plié*.

VARGAS AND SALCEDO: Two of the stars of the Ballet Español Ximenez-Vargas which had a great success at the Théâtre de L'Etoile in Paris. The former was originally a principal dancer in the company of Pilar Lopez.

DANCE OF PERU: Roberto Ximenez and Ana Mercedes in the Peruvian Huayno *which they gave in* South American Suite, *a suite of dances from Latin America which opened the second half of the programme.*

Photos: Heinrich

LOS TRIANAS: *The group of Spanish dancers in the revue* C'est Magnifique *at the Lido in Paris. (L. to r.): Miguel del Moral, Felisa Benayas, José de la Mota, Isabel Grande, Juan Contreras, Pepita Arcas.* *Photo: Pierre André*

The highlight of the final *Cuarro Flamenco* was Ximenez' *Zapateado*, which is given mainly with the spotlight concentrated on his red shoes.

Altogether a satisfying and representative evening of Spanish dancing. Now that the company has been established, I think that a little attention should be given to making the costumes and décor more original. They are quite adequate, but there are surely some Spanish designers around who could make them more exciting.

LOS TRIANAS

EQUALLY within an "Olé" shout from France's tomb of the Unknown Warrior is the Lido cabaret, which I once remember as an exotic swimming pool. In a large basement off the Avenue des Champs-Elysées, a spectacular and lavish revue appears nightly out of the floor and on a stage which slides from the wall. Mixed up with the Bluebell Girls and nudes of ravishing proportions and pulchritude, six Spanish dancers known as Los Trianas give a very slick cabaret version of Spanish dancing. Their success has been such that they were signed up for another year. I am inclined to wonder why everything has to be speeded up so much in cabaret—a *Sevillanas*, for instance, is taken at breakneck speed—as I would have thought the tempi of Spanish dancing was fast enough any way. But it is a stirring sight to see six dancers in such perfect unison, and effective enough in their collective way. **Peter Williams**

German Somersault

by WALTER GORE

continued from page seven

perhaps with tolerant amusement, remaining faithful to its Dresden Dryads until Diaghilev came its way. Yet despite everything, despite even the lack of many visible monuments to mark its turbulent progress, despite the calculated removal of the classical Bauble from the table, Laban did succeed in forging a dance form which was new and as German in its ultimate shape as the *Polovtsian Dances* of Fokine were Russian.

Through the passionate sincerity of its creators, German Dance left its mark on the ballet of today, but although as stimulus it was extremely valuable—more valuable, I believe, than what is now called Modern American Dance—the fact that it produced only one major work that survives the years is proof that Fokine showed a surer and deeper insight into the invisible way ahead in retaining the classical foundation which Duncan rooted out. The list of enduring monuments left by the less radical change from St. Petersburg is long and impressive, while the Firebrands of the Dance have but one to leave posterity—*The Green Table.*

Jooss, creator of this completely successful and true-style German work—successful because its every part is equal to the whole—is the last link in the long chain of Terpsichorean reactionaries. He is perhaps its apotheosis, for this drama dealing so concisely and theatrically with the futility, or inevitability, of war marked the apex of a period and crowned the work of all who had gone before. Even England, rear-guard and *avant garde* alike, seriously accepted him and his work. And it is fitting that a reign that came in like a lion should have gone out as it came in—roaring and imposing.

"The Message of the Dance" is supposed to be a German discovery and the very essence of its being. This may be so, for when faced today by the new hygienic laboratory of Balanchine they ask what it *means*. They may be impressed by this stage form of Röntgen Ray as were our parents at seeing their bones in photographic image, but in general they expect more than a blueprint on their stages. True, they applaud the new, the daring, the unconventional, but with it they demand an emotional satisfaction. To them construction is important but not sufficient in itself—the bones of the argument must be fleshed over. In other words, German audiences demand "theatre" in their ballet, which is one of the more valuable heritages born of their rebellious dance years.

What then of the future? What of this Third Period now beginning? If, as I believe, Labanism is on its way out of the ever-open window, what or who will come striding back this time through the doors? Fokine? Petipa? Well, not exactly and not entirely, though their influence is gaining ground.

Certain it is that Germany of today can be the dance arena of the future. They have the theatrical background, the love of pomp and pageantry, the fearless, indeed joyous, approach to the unknown, and they have that ability, to a degree shared only by the Russians, to dedicate themselves to the pursuit and eventual achievement of a purpose. Once determined and embarked on any project, they will follow wherever it leads, even to disaster. Add to this the fact that they have experienced, as no other country has, the extremes of dancing, and also that their theatres, big and small alike, are generously subsidised, that there is fervent support by large audiences longing to see the dance stand proudly on its own feet again as a theatre art in its own right, and you must admit that the Germans could well take the lead in the ballet of the coming quarter of a century.

Now that they have rediscovered the *tutu* and realise the necessity for a solid classical foundation to their dance steps, it does not follow that they will bow down and worship a black swan for the next 50 years; but it could mean that they have realised the immense value and importance of taking the best of both worlds. With Laban, Jooss, Kreutzberg, Wigman representing one tradition, and Petipa, Ivanov, Coralli and Perrot another, by stretching out to both groups the German dancer could achieve an amalgam which could lead to a true and glorious Renaissance.

Let us hope they bring it off.

DREAM OF A BALL: John Field (centre) as the Poet who finds himself at an elegant ball. *Photo: Houston Rogers*

Apparitions

First given by the Vic-Wells Ballet at the Sadler's Wells Theatre on February 11, 1936. Revived by the Royal Ballet from Sadler's Wells at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon on January 28, 1957.

Choreography, Frederick Ashton. Scenario, Constant Lambert. Music, Franz Liszt, orchestrated by Gordon Jacob and selected by Constant Lambert. Scenery and Costumes, Cecil Beaton.

CAST

The Poet .. .. JOHN FIELD
The Woman in the Ball Dress .. .. ANNE HEATON
The Hussar .. .. DONALD BRITTON
The Monk .. .. DAVID HARDING
Ladies of Fashion, Dandies, Spirits of the Bells, Monks and *Belfry Spirits.*

IN the Prologue a young poet is seen sitting in his study, struggling with a sonnet. Rising from his desk, he sees through his study window three apparitions: first a Hussar, then a Monk and finally a beautiful girl in a Ball Dress. They disappear, but the image of the girl obsesses his imagination. In despair he takes a dose of laudanum and slumps over his desk in a dream-clouded sleep.

In the first dream he finds himself in an elegant ballroom. The assembly of ladies and dandies appears not to notice him, but he recognises with horror the Hussar of his earlier halucination. Suddenly the Woman in the Ball Dress, who his fevered imagination has identified as the symbol of supreme love, enters triumphantly. In a *galop général* he briefly dances with her, but her attention is taken by the Hussar. The *galop* increases its momentum, and when it ends the Poet finds himself alone with his beloved. She seems to love him, but it is an illusion; the Hussar beckons and with unaffected coquetry she goes to join him. The dream fades.

In his second dream the Poet is on a snow-clad plain. Bells are chiming in the distance. The spirits of the bells take visible shape and dance round him, mocking his bewilderment. As the bells cease, a solemn funeral procession comes into sight, led by the Monk of his vision. The Poet recoils and sees a bier carried by monks. He rushes up to this and tears away the cloth hiding the body. There in an attitude of death lies the Woman in the Ball Dress. The Monk thrusts him aside, and he prays to the cross.

A third dream opens. The Poet finds himself in a cavern. The guests from the ballroom enter, all wearing monk-like habits of red. An orgy develops into which the Poet surrenders himself. Suddenly he sees his beloved, now transformed into an ugly, vicious creature, the profane counterpart of her sacred self. She pursues him and the Poet unsuccessfully tries to elude her embraces. As he faints, she removes her mask, and once again becomes the

SYMBOL OF LOVE: The Poet first meets the woman (Anne Heaton) he imagines to be his ideal. *Photo: Houston Rogers*

pure beauty of the first vision. The Poet in his swoon does not see this transformation.

In the Epilogue the Poet is found once more in his study, He awakes in despair, realising that the three dreams symbolise his own life. He runs to the centre window hoping to see once more the apparition of his beloved, but to no avail. He kills himself. Sadly the Woman in the Ball Dress enters the study, and a cortege of monks bears away the Poet's corpse.

Ashton's Romanticism

THE Poet, the Beloved and Death have been an eternal triangle of the utmost importance to ballet. Probably the theme was given its most perfect realisation by Jean Cocteau and Roland Petit, whose existentialist dance poem of death and transfiguration in a Paris garret (*Le Jeune Homme et la Mort*) had a noble and lucid simplicity. Of course, this small masterpiece was unusual in that its romanticism was given a contemporary setting—a modernity typical of the French, who lacking a sense of historical imagination, can only see significance in today and the day after.

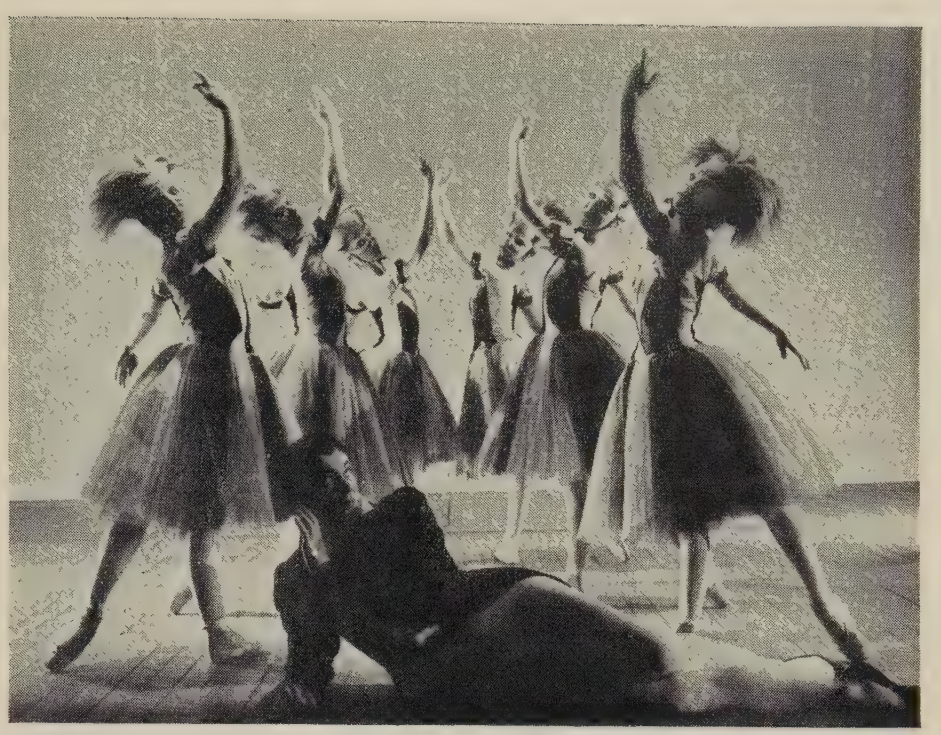
The Lambert/Ashton *Apparitions*, which preceded the Cocteau ballet by exactly a decade, is equally typical of the English. It demands, as does so much of our art, an appreciation of literary flavour and period. Yet this is no pastiche, but rather an extremely sensitive reconstruction of that period of English art, the repercussions of which were felt throughout Europe, known as the Gothic Revival. For his scenario, very loosely based on that devised by Hector Berlioz for his *Symphonie Fantastique*, Constant Lambert went back to the roots of modern romanticism.

The shades of Walpole and Beckford haunting the elaborate fancies of Strawberry Hill and Fonthill, are never far from the scene. The Byronic, drug-taking Poet represents a somewhat later stage in the romantic agony than the trappings of the rest of the ballet (he and his *femme fatale* alone are pure Berlioz), but the orgy in the cavern, clearly inspired by the activities of Sir Francis Dashwood's Hellfire Club, like the funeral cortege deriving from Lewis's novel *The Monk*, helps to give the work an exciting authenticity. Such fidelity to literary antecedents is rare in ballet, and from it comes the curiously pungent historical flavour of *Apparitions*. Massine's plodding adherence to Berlioz's own synopsis in the ballet *Symphonie Fantastique* (produced only a few months after the Lambert/Ashton work) is childishly naive in comparison.

Apparitions was Ashton's first large-scale ballet and, in a sense, he built it around the unique qualities of Robert Helpmann, the original Poet. Like all the many rôles devised for Helpmann, it is choreographically comparatively unrewarding but calls for a personality of immense theatricality.

Few of Ashton's early works will stand comparison with his post-war ballets. Not that they ever wanted for technical polish, but their superficial brilliance and ease are not complete substitutes for their lack of deeply-felt content. In some ballets, notably *Façade*, *Les Rendez-vous*, *Les Patineurs* and the comic masterpiece *A Wedding Bouquet*, the surface finesse and consummate craftsmanship are entirely satisfying. In works like *Apparitions* or the charming *Nocturne*, one is aware of the choreographer's emotional immaturity. Good ballets, they lack the spark of genius that enables, say, *Daphnis and Chloe* or *Symphonic Variations* to glow with humanity.

There is one episode in *Apparitions*, however, that shows Ashton at his best—the vivid and exciting ballroom scene. The choreography is based on wonderfully original floor patterns, imaginatively conceived parallel lines and diagonals, culminating in the circular swirl of the famous *galop*. All the entries are beautifully planned, and the groupings are given an artfully negligent elegance. The ballet's elements (dance, design and music) are here combined to convey the atmosphere Ravel wanted for *La Valse* of "dancing on the edge of a volcano."



VISIBLE BELLS: In the second episode of the Poet's fevered dream, he finds himself on a snow-clad plain where the spirits of distant chiming bells take visible shape. *Photo: Houston Rogers*

There is nothing quite like this undercurrent of romantic doom to be found elsewhere in ballet, except in the somewhat similar dances Balanchine created for *Night Shadow*. The remainder of the choreography, which nearly spurts to life in the orgy scene, is not of any great intrinsic value.

Yet the worth and historical importance of *Apparitions* cannot be measured by Ashton's contribution alone. As Lambert excitedly wrote to Cecil Beaton, after the first night: "It was a real collaboration and everyone agrees that it knocks spots off any ballet since *Cotillon*." Lambert has here touched on its two great claims for our attention: the exceptional unity of its conception, and the fact that for the first time the infant British ballet was showing the lead to the then all-powerful Ballets Russes.

When the ballet was revived after the war at Covent Garden, Cecil Beaton considerably modified his designs. The work never seemed completely at home in the Opera House, even though certain episodes, notably the funeral procession, were enhanced by the spaciousness of the new environment. But the ballet did not really settle down in the Covent Garden

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DEATH OF THE POET: In despair the Poet kills himself upon awakening. Monks bear him away while his imagined beloved (Anne Heaton) mourns. *Photo: Houston Rogers*

Apollon Musagète

First given by the Royal Danish Ballet at the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen on January 18, 1931. Recent revival, January 9, 1957. Choreography by George Balanchine. Music by Igor Stravinsky.

Cast

Apollo	HENNING KRONSTAM
Three Muses	METTE MOLLERUP, KIRSTEN SIMONE, KIRSTEN PETERSEN

IN 1928, *Apollon Musagète* had its first performance at the Library of Congress in Washington on April 27. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge commissioned the score of Igor Stravinsky and the choreography was by Adolph Bolm. In June of the same year, the ballet, but with choreography by Balanchine, had its first performance by the Diaghilev Ballet at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt in Paris.

One of the main reasons for this ballet going into the Diaghilev repertoire was to provide the young Lifar with an important rôle. The Muses were played by Nikitina (alternating with Danilova), Tchernicheva and Dubrovska.

Since then the ballet has been revived by several companies. In 1931 Balanchine re-created it for the Royal Danish Ballet, but at that time the audience had not developed to the extent that it really appreciated this undoubted masterpiece. The result was that it was given only seven times and the last performance played to a house only a quarter full.

The recent tragedy of Balanchine's wife Tanaquil LeClercq having been confined to hospital in Copenhagen with polio has meant that Balanchine has had the time to re-mount the ballet for the Danes. It was typical of his generosity that he presented all his fees from the Royal Theatre to the polio patients in the hospital where his wife has been for the past six months. This he did in gratitude for the fine treatment which she had received.

In the past 25 years the audience in Copenhagen has altered and today it has more understanding of ballet than in possibly any other city in Europe. After the first night of the recent revival of *Apollon Musagète*, it was apparent that the work was sure of one of the greatest and most long-lived successes of any work given at the Royal Theatre in the past twenty years.

The staging is very simple—a blue background, some steps and a platform. The costumes, designed by Balanchine, though this is not stated in the programme, are equally simple. The story—Apollo's birth, the gifts bestowed upon him by the Muses and his final ascent to Parnassus—is well-known to ballet audiences. It must be said that this recent version is generally believed to be the purest that Balanchine has yet made. There is not one superfluous movement.

As Apollo, Henning Kronstam was at his best. This young dancer has gone from strength to strength ever since he created the rôle of the Poet in Balanchine's *Night Shadow* two years ago. This new rôle is his greatest triumph.

APOLLO MUSAGETE (*top*): *Mette Mollerup, Henning Kronstam, Kirsten Petersen and Kirsten Simone in one of the many exquisite groups from Balanchine's ballet to Stravinsky music.*

MYTH (*left*): *Mona Vangsaa as Persephone and Henning Kronstam as Orpheus in Ole Pale Hansen's first ballet.* *Photo: Mydtskov*

Of the three Muses, it appeared as if Mette Mollerup, as Terpsichore, seemed made for ballets by Balanchine—both from the point of view of style and technique. Kirsten Simone, who does not naturally belong in ballets of this kind, danced beautifully, while Kirsten Petersen again proved that she is one of the most promising of the younger dancers in the Royal Theatre. Her interpretation was gay and witty.

Bent Schönberg

Serenade

First given by the Royal Danish Ballet at the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen, on January 16, 1957. Choreography by George Balanchine. Music by Tchaikovsky (*Serenade for Strings*).

Cast

MARGRETHE SCHANNE
MONA VANGSAA
INGE SAND
VERNER ANDERSEN
KJELD NOACK
Corps de ballet

THIS work, in three movements, was first created by Balanchine for American Ballet at the Adelphi Theatre in New York as far back as March 1935. It was later revived by Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo in 1940 for Marie-Jeanne with Youskevitch and Franklin. Later Danilova took over the principal rôle. The ballet has been in the repertoire of New York City Ballet since the company was formed and it has proved to be one of the most popular works wherever it has been played, as the company never fails to give it the most immaculate and deeply-felt performance. Apart from the perfection of the *corps de ballet*, it has always been distinguished by the performances of Maria Tallchief, Tanaquil LeClerc, Melissa Hayden, Patricia Wilde and Nicolas Magallanes.

Even when the dancers were tired after a long and very exhausting tour, the American company gave *Serenade* its usual perfection during their recent season in Copenhagen. The Danish audience, therefore, knew just how it could and should be performed.

It therefore became obvious that on the first night of Balanchine's production of this work for the Royal Danish Ballet that our dancers had not completely assimilated his particular style. There was a certain lack of precision, and the timing, in several scenes, was at fault. On the other hand one truthfully felt that in the months to come, and when they have given many more performances, they will have had time to grow into their rôles, and that the performances will then be very much better.

The greatest success was scored by Mona Vangsaa, who was superb in the *adagio*. Margrethe Schanne in the lyric rôle and Inge Sand in the waltz movement were excellent also and well partnered by Verner Andersen and Kjeld Noack. The work was warmly received by the Press and audience.

The company now has four major Balanchine works in the current repertoire, for, in addition to these two recent revivals, it has enjoyed a great success both at home and on its tours with *Night Shadow*, and at home with *Symphony in C*. Both the style and form of these works makes a strong contrast to our own Danish classics of Bournonville. They have brought a balance to the repertoire which is so essential for a national company, if it is to be kept out of the rut in which so many State organisations tend to remain.

Bent Schönberg

SERENADE: *Margrethe Schanne and Kjeld Noack in one of the most beautiful groups from any ballet. The arms of the dancer behind the man almost give the appearance of the Angel of Death.*
Photo: Mydtskov

Myth

First given by the Royal Danish Ballet at the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen, on December 30, 1956. Décor and costumes by Henrick Bloch. Music by H. Martens.

Cast

Orpheus	HENNING KRONSTAM
Eurydice	KIRSTEN SIMONE
Persephone	MONA VANGSAA

ON the eve of his quarter-century jubilee as a ballet dancer at the Royal Theatre, Ole Palle Hansen made his début as a choreographer. The ballet tells the story of how Orpheus goes to the underworld to get back his wife. When they look at each other she vanishes for ever.

Hansen's choregraphy is gentle and pure; in some scenes there is a certain amount of originality. The solo for Orpheus is particularly well conceived, as also is the *pas de deux* between Orpheus and Persephone. The décor and costumes of Henrick Bloch are beautiful and some of the best seen in the Royal Theatre for some time.

The score is composed for three players only, but it could be easily scored for a full orchestra without losing anything and would be far more effective for the ballet. It is very intelligent and easy to dance to, without ever dominating the ballet as a whole. At moments it achieves a considerable sense of drama.

Unfortunately these things cannot be said about the choreography, for although the work contains many nice passages the audience is never touched by the tragedy such as one is in Gluck's opera about the same subject, or in Balanchine's ballet which uses Stravinsky music. Never do we get any sense of fear as to what will become of the protagonists in the future.

However, as a first work, *Myth* shows great promise and we look forward to seeing further works from this choreographer.

As Orpheus, Henning Kronstam looked very fine, and he danced in the way we have come to expect from him in recent months. His interpretation was convincing, and he showed a great sense of what drama there was in the ballet. Mona Vangsaa brought passion and evil to the rôle of Persephone and was good throughout. Unfortunately, Kirsten Simone rather lacked conviction as Eurydice as she has not yet acquired the personality to carry a drama of this kind. In some scenes, however, she was very moving.

Bent Schönberg

FESTIVAL WEDDING: After the recent wedding of Jeffrey Kovel and Estella Nova at St. Peter's Church, Bayswater. Both are members of London's Festival Ballet. Left to right: *Donald MacAlpine, Phillida Potter, Joanne Nesbit, Marilyn Burr, Flemming Flindt, Mary Duchesne, Anita Landa, Jeffrey Koval, Estella Nova, John Gilpin (who gave the bride away), Jean-Pierre Alban, Jeanette Minty, Toni Lander, Wendy Barry, Anne Rouse, David Scott (best man).* Sitting: *June Greenhalgh and Maureen Webster. All are members of the company.* *Photo: Bill Angrove*

curtain up!

Portuguese tragedy for the Queen

BALLET and dancing have become the generally accepted form of entertainment for State galas. When the Queen and Prince Philip were in Portugal recently they attended a gala in the Sao Carlos Opera House, and half the programme was devoted to ballet. The work given concerned the story of *Inez de Castro*. It was not the version now so well-known which Ana Ricarda created for Le Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas, but a new version of the tragedy by Rui Coelho.

The story of Dona Inez is one of the strangest tragedies of history. She was a mistress of the Portuguese King Pedro I during the 14th century. After they eventually married she was murdered. The King had her assassins cruelly put to death: those courtiers who had conspired against her were forced to kiss the hand of her corpse, which had been dressed in full regal splendour.

The ballet formed part of a programme which also included a performance of a little-known Haydn opera—*The Apothecary*.

Long tour for Royal Ballet

NEXT September, the Royal Ballet from Covent Garden will begin the longest trans-American tour it has yet undertaken. After a month at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, impresario Sol Hurok plans to tour the company across America for 17 weeks. Hurok has announced that this will be a record-breaking dollar-earning tour.

All of this will no doubt be extremely satisfactory to somebody, but what about the state of the Royal Ballet when it returns? In 1955 I asked Dame Ninette de Valois about the fatigue resulting from such tours. Her reply was printed in the March issue of that year: "It is quite true that long tours in America result in great exhaustion and it has been decided that the company will never again take out such tours as it did in 1950–51 and 1953–54."

What, I wonder, has changed her mind? Surely the need for dollars is not so great that the British public, who after all are responsible for keeping the company going, should have to suffer several months of the tired results of so much touring.

No sooner will the dancers be back in some sort of shape when their reported Russian tour will take place. It is rumoured that the postponed visit to the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow will take place in September of 1958.

Dancers on the move

THE Royal Ballet's principal dancers certainly keep on the move these days. At the end of March, Nerina and Rassine continue their concert tour—Ballet Highlights—in Scotland. In the spring, Beriosova, Blair and Julia Farron are due to dance the first performances of Cranko's *The Prince of the Pagodas* at La Scala, Milan.

About this time Rowena Jackson and Bryan Ashbridge leave for a tour of their native New Zealand. Both artists will join up later with Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes in Sydney, Australia. The four will appear as guest artists with the Borovansky Ballet. Fonteyn will dance in *Aurora's Wedding*, a version of the last act of *The Sleeping Beauty*, which will also include the *Rose Adagio* from the first act. Jackson will dance in the *Blue Bird pas de deux*. Other ballets in which they will appear include *Swan Lake* Act II and *Casse Noisette*. This Sydney season, which opens on May 25, will be followed by a season in Melbourne during June.

Who, you may well ask, is going to be left to dance at Covent Garden? Have no fear, for it is with the greatest of pleasure that we learn that Alicia Markova opens a month of guest appearances there on May 30. She will be partnered by Philip Chatfield in *Les Sylphides* and by David Blair in *Giselle* and *Aurora's Wedding*.

Markova passes on tradition

MARKOVA'S insistence on dancing with the two young male stars of the Royal Ballet is typical of her. It would possibly have been easier for her to bring her own partner, but she felt, and rightly, that she could be of far more use to the company if she appeared with their own dancers. If you remember how much she did to help Michael Somes with his interpretation of Albrecht in *Giselle* when she appeared with the company a few years ago, it is indeed heartening to think that she will again be passing on her great knowledge to the most promising of today's male dancers.

Incidentally, Markova has also insisted that, during her month with the Royal Ballet, she gives two matinée performances. Her reason for this is so that the children will get a chance of seeing her, and also those who live at longer distances from the centre of London.

My own opinion, for what it is worth, is that

A DANCER'S DAY: I *Class*

Drawn by David Harding

Markova should be a permanent guest ballerina with the Royal Ballet, giving two or three performances each month to fit in with her other commitments. It might then be possible for the Royal Ballet to put on a slap-up production of *La Sylphide* specially for her. It is quite time we had a good production of this important classic in England and who more suitable in the title rôle than Markova?

Fate unkind to Grey

FATE could hardly have been less kind to Beryl Grey. No sooner had she announced her resignation from the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden than she was rushed to hospital to have her appendix removed, thus being forced to miss several of what should have been her farewell performances. Her last performance as a full member of the Royal Ballet will be on April 18 when she is to dance the Odette-Odile rôle in *Le Lac des Cygnes*. Readers will be glad to know that Grey will return to the company as a guest artist from time to time.

While on the subject of resigning ballerinas, it seems incredible that Violetta Elvin could have vanished so completely from the news. Occasionally one newspaper or another tells us that she is to be married again shortly. Apart from these unconfirmed rumours, the rest is silence.

Job's designer dies

APART from the plastic beauty of Ninette de Valois' choreography and the grandeur of Vaughan Williams' score, much of the great success of the original production of *Job* was due to the loving realisation of Blake's drawings in Gwendolen Raverat's settings and costumes. Those who remember this ballet as it was will be sorry to hear of her recent death. She was, incidentally, a granddaughter of the scientist Charles Darwin.

When *Job* came to Covent Garden, the Raverat designs were discarded in favour of those by John Piper. Possibly it was considered that the former were too simple for such a large stage. However, there are a great many people who find the present designs lacking the simple nobility of the original ones.

Ballerina dances in shack

THE film *Bus Stop* was recalled recently when Markova and Marie Rambert were on a motor drive from Brussels to Wiesbaden. In both places Markova and Ballet Rambert were appearing in a mammoth television programme.

The drive had been long, it was getting late and a tyre burst, so both were glad to see a carmen's pull-in shack by the road. The appearance of be-minked Markova, however, was greeted with wolf-whistles by the habitués of the bar. It was explained to the general company that they were being honoured by the presence of a great ballerina. "Then dance!" demanded the drivers. Markova slipped out of her mink and, with Marie Rambert singing the Chopin tunes, Markova went through some steps from *Les Sylphides*. The audience was very appreciative, and after some hot soup the ballerina left in triumph and, the tyre having been mended in the meantime by some of her newly-won admirers, motored on to her destination.

The boos mean nothing

ONE writer in an American magazine, discussing the first night of *Prince of the Pagodas*, made great play of the few boos for John Cranko. I hate to be mean, but it must be pointed out that composer Benjamin Britten came in for a few boos also, and all from the same handful of people who would not be happy if they had nothing to demonstrate about. This booing, once an honest form of disapproval, is becoming quite absurd.

Incidentally, this disapproval has not been shared by audiences generally for *The Prince of the Padogas*, and other works in the Royal Ballet's repertoire are currently enjoying the best box-office success the resident company has had since Covent Garden re-opened—and this on top of the fact that Margot Fonteyn has not been dancing for two months.

First "Royal" engagement

THE first two members of the Royal Ballet, since it achieved its new "Royal" status, to become engaged are Annette Page and Ronald Hynd. They will probably be married during the company's annual holiday in the summer.

Both are most promising members of the Royal Ballet; she came from the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, as it then was, he was for many years a dancer with Ballet Rambert, and since he joined the company at Covent Garden he has taken over increasingly important rôles.

Here and there

CARELESS: Moira Shearer, actress and ex-Sadler's Wells ballerina, lost her 100-guinea diamond engagement ring. Her husband, author Ludovic Kennedy, spent some time with his arms in the rubbish bin of a Fleet Street restaurant unsuccessfully looking for it. On the previous day Moira Shearer had left it in a taxi, but it had been returned.

AMAZING: Film star and ballerina from Paris, Zizi Jeanmaire, arrived in England for the London première of her film *Folies-Bergére* and announced that she was looking for the best Yorkshire pudding because "they tell me it is so English and English cooking is so good —second best in the world, . . ." I scarcely thought I should hear such a statement from France's most elegant star, specially as most French people think that English cooking is beneath contempt.

AIR-BORN: Ballet dancer Julie Confalonieri joined BEA as a receptionist at London Airport. She is reported as saying: "It's very different from dancing, but great fun." I hope she is not the receptionist who directed me into the wrong channel the other day.

CANADIAN CULTURE: Henry Murphy, Canadian Liberal M.P., attacked the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in a speech in the Canadian Parliament. His grouse was that peak TV viewing hours were devoted to ballet, which featured "those long-haired nut boys cavorting around in tight long underwear for an hour and a half." His constituents had told him that they liked wrestling, boxing and mystery shows and that they were not all "egg-heads." Mr. Murphy should come to England and attend some of the RAD demonstrations given by athletes and dancers; then perhaps he might hold different views about the egg-headedness of ballet.

happy birthday to...

		April
Sally Gura	Ballet Theatre	26
Susan Crawford	Canadian National Ballet	29
Randy Brooks	Ballet Theatre	30
		May
Maureen Bruce	The Royal Ballet	1
Robert Barnett	New York City Ballet	6
Kay Bird	Royal Winnipeg Ballet	9
Wendy Barry	Festival Ballet	10
Frank Rodwell	Canadian National Ballet	13
Ruth Ann Koesun	Ballet Theatre	15
Nicholas Beriosoff	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	16
Margot Fonteyn	The Royal Ballet	18
Peter White	Festival Ballet	19
Gilbert Vernon		21
Joan Eaman	Ballet Theatre	21
Derek Mendel	Dancing in Italy	23
Tatiana Riabouchinska		23
Travis Kemp	Teaching in Turkey	23
Christian Foye	Opéra, Nice	23
Ann Horn	Ballet Rambert	24
Cecil Bates	Teaching in Australia	26
Edelayne Brandt	Canadian National Ballet	26
Margaret Lee	The Royal Ballet	26

Dancer you will know

Photo: Bryan Ashbridge

SHIRLEY GRAHAME

BORN in Teddington, Middlesex. Started to dance at the age of three at the Haldaway School of Dancing, Teddington. Joined the Royal Ballet School in 1948. *Made stage début with the Sadler's Wells Opera Ballet while still a student. Joined the Royal Ballet from Covent Garden in* 1954.

Rôles: Zulme in Giselle; *Dawn in* Coppélia; Pas de Trois, *leading Peasant Girl, Leading Swan and Cygnet in* Swan Lake; Florestan pas de trois *in* The Sleeping Beauty; *Waltz in* Les Sylphides; *Blue Girl in* Les Patineurs.

ALTHOUGH not yet listed as a company soloist, Shirley Grahame has been dancing solo rôles with the Royal Ballet from Covent Garden for two or three season. Dancing originally under the name of Shirley Camp, her evident promise was soon rewarded with a Leading Swan in *Swan Lake*. Not long after, she was regularly alternating as the peasant girl in the first act, with Merle Park and Doreen Wells. Other rôles, almost all classical, followed in fairly regular succession.

Physically she might be said to be an almost typical product of the Royal Ballet. Her dancing is neat, compact and assured. To an extent she has the defects as well as the virtues of her school, so that while her line is graceful and unaffected and her placing good, her *ports de bras* are occasionally stiff in movement, her elevation unexceptional and her turns (better than average) sometimes lack precision.

Although all her work has been interesting, it is perhaps as Dawn in *Coppélia* that she has so far made the strongest impression. At first, not unexpectedly, her dancing savoured too much of the classroom, but as this phase passes more of her personality is being brought into play; a process that might be hastened were she to be given (possibly with the company from Sadler's Wells) a greater variety of rôles.

DAVID HARDING, who contributes the monthly cartoon–*A Dancer's Day*–which begins in this number on the opposite page, is a dancer in the Royal Ballet from Sadler's Wells.

So You Want to Dance?

Schools and Teachers
by E. C. MASON

Kyasht at the Empire

IN 1908 the directors of the old Empire Theatre went as far as Russia to find a worthy successor to Adeline Genée, and they engaged Lydia Kyasht, who was then dancing with the Imperial Ballet.

Five years later *The Times* wrote: "Mademoiselle Lydia Kyasht was the first Russian ballerina to be seen in London. Her success is attested by the fact that London greedily asked for more. Had Mademoiselle Kyasht made less of a triumph, it is doubtful whether Pavlova and Karsavina would ever have crossed the Channel. Indeed, to contrast Kyasht with her predecessor, Genée, or her two Russian sister graces, is simply to give relief to her own characteristic excellences."

The paper continues: "With Mademoiselle Kyasht personality is in a unique degree fused with technique. She displays an almost hieratic concentration on her task, and her task, as she conceives it, would seem to begin and end with achievement of physical grace. She would never make an actress, but she is unsurpassable as a formal and decorative dancer." Actually in 1933, if only for one production, she did become an actress. She played the rôle of the retiring dancer in *Ballerina* at the Gaiety Theatre.

Now in her seventies, she is, though tiny, no longer exactly sylph-like in shape, but she still retains the total grand manner and style which she brought from St. Petersburg. Today she feels rather selfish and a little sad because her health does not permit her to give a great many classes.

The enthusiastic English

At her flat in Hampstead she told me that she had a high opinion of English dancers. "They are enthusiastic, so enthusiastic," she said. "In class, you know, they eat up everything I show them. The boys are so good, I am terrified of them. What can I teach them, I ask you? I try to show them the way we used to dance . . . to help them appreciate the old traditions. If you don't like it, don't do it, I always say, but that is how we used to do it in Russia."

To begin a class she calls for a "shoemaker" —one of her favourite girl pupils whose duty it is to help her remove her boots. Every now and then the *barre* is stopped while general corrections are given. I suspect that its routine plainly bores her now, and that she is impatient to be able to say "Now we shall dance," when the class moves to the centre. And in the centre the word "dance" is screamed out incessantly. Sometimes she will half close her eyes, and, muttering away to herself while she works out an *enchaînement*, could possibly convince a new student that she was cursing. Then she will jump up, support herself by holding on to the mirror and demonstrate. She will demonstrate, however, not so much the mechanical foundations of an *enchaînement*, but the special quality of movement which must be given to each step. Her sharply arched foot describes a *rond de jambe en l'air*, and she carries the leg into *arabesque* while her arms and head continue to move slowly to complete the final pose.

She is opposed to that style of English dancing, less common now than it used to be but by no means extinct, in which the dancer performs, for example (very correctly, of course) a *pas de bourrée* into *pirouettes*, suddenly holding the final pose without moving a muscle; then continues with another *pas de bourrée*, this time into *attitude* but again held firmly. Dance for Kyasht is not a series of violently taken and interminably held poses.

Polish for professionals

Her class is rather dictated by the material, for if Madame has someone present she likes, the class is usually inspired. And when she sees some quality she admires in a dancer, she almost goes to pieces with excitement. She claps her hands and calls, "Beautiful, darlink, just like a swan." But if, on the other hand, she is particularly displeased, she will sit down, scrape her feet, mumble to herself and refuse to take notice until everyone has improved.

Today she concentrates her tuition on giving professional dancers polish—preparations, *épaulement* and finishing positions, while all the time reminding them of the meaning and mood of particular steps. She demonstrates long, flowing *port de bras* with generous *épaulement*, and although her limbs are cramped by age she still conveys a magnificent impression of style and broadness which she terms "elegance." "You cannot fool the public now," she says. "What use is half-way *épaulement*? Full *épaulement* makes elegance." While she considers that technique today is indescribably good, she would, nevertheless, like to see more expression given and, she stresses, we must always bear in mind the importance of the carriage of the head and not neglect its use.

AT THE EMPIRE: Lydia Kyasht, shortly after she had left Russia to star at the famous theatre in Leicester Square.

As her stage career is likely to be more familiar to readers than her activities as a teacher, I will only list its main events. These, incidentally, can be read in full in her autobiography, *Romantic Recollections* (now, unfortunately, out of print), a charmingly frivolous book with chapter headings such as "Grand Dukes I Have Known" and "My Escape from Russia." Like most dancers' memoirs it is a little inaccurate, but it also tells of the Russian court and the sinister Rasputin, and of Kyasht's many appearances before royalty, including one before Queen Alexandra, who asked her: "Tell me, Mademoiselle Kyasht, do you wear corsets when you dance?"

Karsavina and Petipa

Her teachers were her brother George, a *premier danseur*, Eugenia Sokolova, Karsavin, father of Karsavina, but mainly Paul Gerdt, the chief mime artist of the Imperial Ballet. Both she and Karsavina studied with Gerdt, and Kyasht attributes their unrivalled knowledge of mime, which she now teaches for Phyllis Bedells and the Royal Academy of Dancing, to his tuition. One of her greatest friends at the Imperial School, which she entered in the 'nineties, was Tamara Karsavina, and although their careers took very different directions they are still firm friends.

She remembers Marius Petipa, who had been *maître de ballet* for 65 years, selecting her and Karsavina to lead the two sections of the *corps de ballet* in *The Dance of the Shadows*. After the performance he flew into a violent rage and accused them of ruining it. "You have far too much personality for shadows," he fumed, "and for the *corps de ballet* altogether."

When she and Karsavina were very young

KYASHT TODAY: A recent photograph taken with Claude Newman, who was a dancer for many years with the Sadler's Wells Ballet and is now attached to the Royal Ballet School.

Photo: G. B. L. Wilson

they appeared in ballets prepared by Ivanov. Kchessinskaya then danced many of the principal rôles. Ulanova's parents were her contemporaries, and Nijinsky was a fellow-student with whom she often practised. Pavlova was also a fellow-pupil, but being slightly older was in a more senior class. Throughout her career Pavlova showed her great kindness, and when she made her first professional appearance it was Pavlova who personally introduced her to the audience. She later danced with Nijinsky on many occasions, and appeared with the Diaghilev company at the Alhambra in 1919. She danced in *Firebird*, *Les Sylphides*, *Carnaval*, *Papillons* and the *Blue Bird pas de deux*. After the last war she formed her own company, which mainly consisted of young English dancers, the Lydia Kyasht Ballet Russe, which appeared in West End seasons at the Whitehall, Wintergarden and Garrick theatres.

When she was in the Imperial Ballet in St. Petersburg she earned six pounds a month, but the honour of being in the company was considered compensation for the meagre salaries. It created a tremendous sensation when she announced that she was leaving to accept an engagement in a London music hall. At her first appearance at the Empire she performed a Russian dance in national costume and a *pas de deux* with Adolph Bolm. She lost, however, no prestige by appearing in a music hall. In 1913 *The Times* said: "Mademoiselle Kyasht has now for five years upheld the purest traditions of ballet in London, without even a momentary concession to the whims of popular taste, or the seductions of aesthetic crazes."

WHAT IS JAYASTY? In the next number read about the new style (JAron YAltan STYle) which Jaron Yaltan is teaching. It is a mixture of Indian and European dancing. Also in the May number, E. C. Mason writes about the Ballet Rambert School.

Imperial Ballerinas Preside

FOR the young dancers of today the names Mathilde Kchessinskaya and Tamara Karsavina create a feeling of awe and wonderment, and for those who are older they provide undying memories of the classical dance when ballet was at its zenith. This year these two great ballerinas of the Russian Imperial Ballet will come together to preside over the Congress of the Federation of Russian Classical Ballet, which takes place from May 20 to 25 at the School of Russian Ballet, St. Luke's Street, Chelsea.

It is probably the first time that these immortal ballerinas have appeared together in the same "programme" and for the first time they will sit to adjudicate the Federation examinations. How fortunate those children and students of today who will be able to savour the unforgettable experience of their classes, to be lifted up and lighted by the flame of their consummate artistry and power, and who one day will be able with pride to show their grandchildren a souvenir, the certificate given them by Mathilde Kchessinskaya and Tamara Karsavina.

Recently I was in Paris to complete arrangements with Kchessinskaya to come to London. I found her stricken by the grievous loss of her husband, the Grand Duke André. Though suffering intolerably, she was, nevertheless, unchanged; at 84 her youthful spirit still predominated. One afternoon I watched her teaching two children of 6 years (probably their mothers had not been born when Kchessinskaya was at the height of her powers), and with infinite skill and patience she prodded, cajoled and praised them, guiding them through some beautiful lines that only the Russian School knows. This I thought is the kind of peerless example that should inspire us all in the face of adversity, to drive on, to ply our craft with just such tireless energy.

Later, when I was discussing arrangements with Madame Karsavina I was struck by the absolute modesty of these two great artists, and of their tremendous admiration for each other. Madame Karsavina told me how kind Madame Kchessinskaya was to her when she was young and just coming up; how she would invite her to dinner alone and give her advice; and how once, when she was to dance her first *pas de deux*, she received from Madame Kchessinskaya a beautiful costume of lilac and a bouquet of violets.

The Federation contemplates its Seventh Congress with a feeling of security: during the seven-year span it has advanced steadily, increasing its members and its activities, and already its influence extends abroad. But more than all else it is proud of its illustrious patrons; they provide the link with tradition upon which the Federation builds its future; they are the heart and the core that inspires our endeavour.

John Gregory

MATHILDE KCHESSINSKAYA teaching at the Barbara Vernon-John Gregory School of Russian Ballet when she last visited London in May, 1951.

TAMARA KARSAVINA, star of the Diaghilev Ballet, chats with children between the classes she gave at 1956 *Congress of the Federation of Russian Ballet.* *Photo: Reynolds News*

What You Thought About

the Bolshoi Ballet and its Critics

More letters in answer to Anton Dolin's article *What I Did Not Like About the Bolshoi*—in the January DANCE AND DANCERS. Dolin gave his impressions of the Bolshoi Ballet from Moscow during their season at Covent Garden.

A sense of proportion

SIR: I have been longing to see statements such as Anton Dolin's *What I Did Not Like About the Bolshoi* in your January issue, in cold, bold print. Not because I agreed with everything he said but because it was heartening to see a sense of proportion. I particularly hope these comments were noted by members of the Press who were responsible for provoking a mass hysteria and praised the Russians at Britain's expense—an action of hasty, unjustified ill-judgment. The two companies are equally great, each having its own magnificent merits and deplorable defects. However, in one respect, I do think the Russians have an edge on us—in their humility. I spent a lot of time at Covent Garden during the Bolshoi season and was able to watch their off-stage behaviour very closely and I really believe their humility and sincerity to be genuine. Of the present Sadler's Wells company, only Margot Fonteyn possesses this quality to the same degree.

154 *Kingshill Avenue,* **Brian Doughty**
Worcester Park, Surrey

Bewildering critics

SIR: Anton Dolin's article gave me considerable satisfaction as, though I greatly enjoyed seeing Ulanova in *Giselle* and *Romeo and Juliet*, I was bewildered by the notices of the critics in general. I wondered if my sense of values was built on sand.

136 *Musters Road,* **Mary Nevin**
West Bridgeford, Notts.

Welcome controversy

SIR: What a pleasure to find this controversy raging about the quality of the Bolshoi Ballet. While monthly publications such as yours were completing their reviews, it seemed as though reasonable ballet criticism had been driven underground—with the exception of Mr. Beaumont who was the only critic on a national paper who kept his head.

Imagine who it felt to sit at Covent Garden and see classical technique carelessly performed in *Giselle* and *Le Lac des Cygnes* and be bored by every *pas de deux* in the Bolshoi repertoire —knowing that the company had received a sort of universal save notice. Most critics failed to point out obvious shortcomings in technique and style. The truth about the Bolshoi is that its bigness and emphasis on drama at the expense of formality will always appeal to the bobby-soxers but never to the classical ballet snobs.

24 *Hillside Gardens,* **Clive Piper**
Highgate, N.6.

People in glass houses

I FIND it incredible that Mr. Dolin can allow his critical faculties to be so hampered by personal prejudices and apprehensions.

Primarily, to begin at the end of Mr. Dolin's article, I think it extremely doubtful if any sensible ballet follower had expected to see either the pre-revolutionary Maryinsky Theatre Ballet, or the Diaghilev company. It was well advertised beforehand that it would be the ballet company from the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow which would be visiting England for the first time. It was also well advertised that we should not be seeing the whole company, but only a portion, because of the size of the Covent Garden stage, a fact which Mr. Dolin blithely glosses over.

The insidious innuendos with regard to Pavlova's, Diaghilev's company's, and the Sadler's Wells Ballet's performances on the Royal Opera House stage are slightly out of focus. The Sadler's Wells Ballet, if invited to produce *The Sleeping Beauty* on the pier at Brighton, would have to alter their production drastically, and it could not compare with that seen at the Royal Opera House. Surely the final judgment of a ballet is to see it as it was meant to be seen?

I find it strange that Mr. Dolin should also be unwise enough to compare ballerinas. Overlooking different schoolings and styles—to say that Ulanova's "interpretation cannot be compared with that of . . . Alicia Markova" is—to say the least—rather naive, and who for one moment would believe that Mr. Dolin is impartial?

"Ballet should be a synthesis of the arts of dancing—music, painting, and drama." Surely, then, the Bolshoi version of *Romeo and Juliet* conforms more to Mr. Dolin's definition than his own version of the poor *Nutcracker*? It is difficult to understand how he can be so righteous regarding certain aspects of taste when they are to be found lacking more so in his company than in either the Rambert, both Sadler's Wells companies and the Russian. Perhaps he fears that the public may become accustomed to seeking something better than the matinée audience menu served to them at the Royal Festival Hall and the Stoll Theatre. Perhaps there is a hint of this fear in his "Rock and Roll" comments?

I do not think that the praise lavished upon the Moscow company has closed our eyes to the excellency of our own national ballet. The Sadler's Wells Ballet Company has not been thrown overboard in preference for the Russians. Both are different companies, with different cultures, audiences, and aims. The return of the Sadler's Wells to the Royal Opera House with *Cinderella* (a rather unfortunate choice, but apparently necessary) compared, for the most part, favourably with what Moscow had sent us. Who expects from a child of five the ability of a mature adult? Mr. Dolin apparently.

Such statements as "their pirouettes are neither numerous or brilliant"and" badly turned in" are banal in the extreme. Anyone who watched their classes or could remove the golden aura of time from their eyes—to throw away the rose-coloured spectacles of memory—could see for themselves the absolute stupidity of such comments. The fact that they emanate from a person of whom the public would expect better things, is rather disappointing. There is a saying "people in glass houses should not throw stones."

19 *Putney Hill,* **Eric Kearney**
S.W.15

The *corps*: Wells versus Bolshoi

What is a good *corps?*

Sir,—For many years past I have read articles and criticisms about the imperfections of the Sadler's Wells Ballet *corps de ballet*, but never one to equal Richard Buckle's remarks in a recent issue of DANCE AND DANCERS.

The cry has always been "Straighter lines! Better precision! More musicality! Arms together and don't hit the stage too hard!" and it is true that several seasons ago there was much truth in these charges. But the general "finish" of the *corps de ballet* has been most marked and seems to date roughly from when John Hart became ballet master.

Therefore I find Richard Buckle's praise of the Bolshoi *corps de ballet*, comparing them to a clump of trees, rather surprising, and begin to wonder just what is supposed to be a good *corps de ballet*. How often are we told that the true ballerina should always limit her technique to the rôle, and never play to the house by giving that extra flourish. Are the *corps* supposed to dance their rôles individually, or perhaps invent their own variations?

I really think the time has come to stop telling the world that the English male dancer is effete.

Why no words on the obviously poor choreography of *Swan Lake*?

34 *Pittsmead Avenue* **N. C. Verrells**
Hayes, Bromley, Kent

Bring back the wives and mothers

THE first sight of Sadler's Wells after the Bolshoi visit could not fail to arouse comment in plenty. The simpering, teen-age ladies of King Florestan's court at the beginning of the Prologue to *The Sleeping Beauty*, walking about with unnatural "size of the one that got away" arm movements, and the even more teen-age-looking crones at the beginning of Act I looked even more ridiculous than before. Cannot some of the former members of the company be persuaded to forsake their husbands and children to return to lend that authority in mimed rôles which was, surely, one of the principal lessons the Russians had to teach?

The second, glaring, difference between the companies is to be seen, I suggest, in their attitude towards their performance. Having watched a mediocre performance of *The Sleeping Beauty* one Saturday evening, during which one or two dancers seemed to be enjoying a private joke (even before something went wrong with the trapdoor during Carabosse's final exit), it was no consolation whatsoever to be assured that I should have seen the performance on the previous night, when Fonteyn had danced and everyone on the stage had combined to give a wonderful show. Such a state of affairs is quite unworthy of an internationally famous company.

I do not recollect any half-hearted dancing by members of the Bolshoi company just because Ulanova was not on that night. It seemed to me that everyone in that company danced as if the performance of the moment was enormously important, that, in fact, these people—atheists, perhaps?—were sublimating their spiritual needs into their art, for which I was convinced they would cheerfully be burned at the stake.

I believe that the Wells are capable of learning from visiting foreign companies, as shown by their *Coppélia* after the Danes had been here; and I sincerely hope that they will absorb the best elements in the Bolshoi make-up. When that happens we should indeed have a company which could capture Moscow, or Leningrad.

322 *Larkshall Road,* **John Hampton**
Chingford, E.4

Two Stravinsky Ballets

Stravinsky: *The Song of the Nightingale*, Symphonic Poem. *Pulcinella* Suite. Suisse Romande Orchestra (Ernest Ansermet). Decca LXT5233. 12in. 39*s.* 7½*d.*

STRAVINSKY's early opera *The Nightingale*, based on Hans Andersen's tale of the Chinese Emperor whose life was saved by the song of a nightingale, puzzled audiences and was indifferently received when Diaghilev presented it at the Paris Opéra in 1914, with décor by Alexandre Benois.

The short symphonic poem Stravinsky later put together from material from the third and fourth acts, probably at Diaghilev's suggestion, served as the basis for a more successful ballet, *The Song of the Nightingale*, given at the Opéra by Diaghilev in 1920, with Massine choreography and striking décor in white and turquoise by Matisse, and with Karsavina (and later Tchernicheva) as the real Nightingale, Idzikovsky as the mechanical Nightingale, Sokolova as Death and Grigoriev as the Emperor. A revival five years later had new choreography by Balanchine as his first major assignment for the Diaghilev company, and the 15-years-old Markova in the part of the Nightingale.

The lush and glittering orchestration suggests that Stravinsky's Nightingale was first cousin to his Firebird; while the exotic fairytale atmosphere is distilled throughout with a piquancy and a lightness of touch that usually deserts even the most sophisticated composers when attempting musical *chinoiserie*.

Ansermet, who directed the first concert and stage performances of the score, here secures wonderfully polished playing from his Suisse Romande Orchestra which, together with the superlative recording, ensures that all the magical, iridescent detail makes its full effect.

Though he also conducted the première of *Pulcinella* in 1920, a few months after that of *The Song of the Nightingale*, Ansermet's performance of the suite from this other Massine ballet is, to my way of thinking, a little disappointing, lacking something of the pungency and wit of Markevitch's version on 33CX1228 (backed by the suite from *Le Baiser de la Fée*).

Nevertheless, others may actually prefer Ansermet's more lyrical and restrained approach; the difference, in any case, is sufficiently slight for choice to be governed by whichever coupling you prefer. Decca's attractive sleeve design, by W. Francis Phillipps, deserves a word of praise.

THE SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE: *Tamara Karsavina as the Nightingale in Massine's ballet to Stravinsky music. Both pictures on this page are from the Diaghilev Ballet souvenir programme of* 1920.

Tchaikovsky by Desormière

Tchaikovsky: *The Sleeping Beauty*—Suite. Paris Conservatoire Orchestra (Roger Desormière). Decca LW5284. MP, 19*s.* 6*d.*

ORIGINALLY issued over five years ago on one side of a 12-inch LP, with Ippolitov-Ivanov's *Caucasian Sketches* as backing, this short suite from *The Sleeping Beauty* is quite good value in its new Medium Play form, even though the sound is a little thin by today's standards. Also, it is worth considering that 19*s.* 6*d.* is only slightly less than half the cost of one of the four discs of Mercury's recent complete recording, each of which contains a whole act of the ballet.

Here there are five items: *Introduction* (Prologue) and *Finale*, Act I (*The Lilac Fairy*); *Pas d'Action*, Act I (*Rose Adagio*); *Pas de Caractère*, Act III (*Puss in Boots and the White Cat*); *Panorama*, Act II; *Garland Waltz*, Act I. Desormierè's dynamic yet sensitive performance is everything one would expect from so gifted and experienced a ballet conductor.

Balanchine Ballet

Tchaikovsky: *Theme and Variations* from Suite No. 3 Paris Conservatoire Orchestra (Carl Schuricht). Decca LW5274. MP, 19*s.* 6*d.*

SCHURICHT'S performance of Tchaikovsky's popular Theme and Variations (the music of Balanchine's ballet of that name) originally shared a 12-inch LP with the same composer's *Capriccio Italien*, a work which Borovansky successfully turned into a ballet for his Australian company in its early days.

The Paris Conservatoire Orchestra's performance of the Variations is as good as any other available on discs and the reproduction is excellent. The break for change-over comes after the *Allegro vivace* variation (No. 6), a point in Balanchine's ballet where the musical continuity is in any case usually interrupted by applause for the danseur's solo.

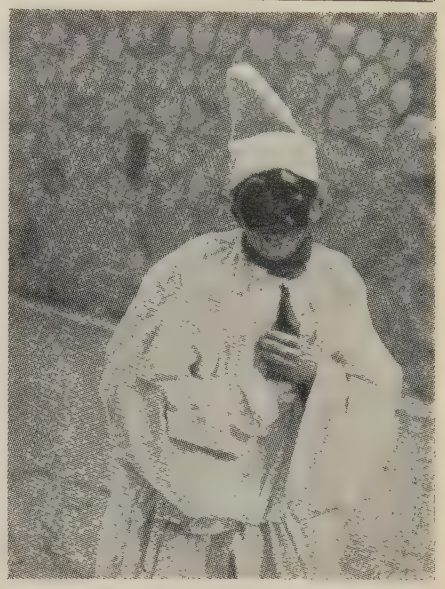
Re-issued Nutcracker

Tchaikovsky: *The Nutcracker*. Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, University of Minnesota Chamber Singers (Antal Dorati). Mercury MRL2508-9. 2 12in. 79*s.* 3*d.*

THIS complete recording of *The Nutcracker*, which I reviewed in full in the March, 1955, number, was originally issued in this country by the Oriole record company and has been unavailable for some time. Its re-issue by the Pye Group will be welcomed by collectors who failed to obtain copies before the records were previously withdrawn and they will be a "must" for everyone who takes his Tchaikovsky ballet music as seriously as it deserves to be taken. For make no mistake, *Swan Lake*, *The Sleeping Beauty* and *The Nutcracker* will be played and loved when the vast majority of the ballet scores —and operas and symphonies—written since their time have long been put aside and forgotten.

Dorati's intensely exciting and satisfying performance gives every note of the score, with almost all repeats observed. It would perhaps be rather pointless as well as uncharitable to list all the material that is omitted in Festival Ballet's production of the ballet, which scarcely pretends to be authentic, let alone definitive—for a stage performance of that nature one must travel to New York, Milan or Moscow.

The records were formerly supplied in a *de luxe* album which added nearly 17*s.* to the cost;



PULCINELLA: *Leonide Massine in the title-rôle of his ballet, designed by Picasso and with a score by Stravinsky based on material by the 18th-century Italian composer Giovanni Battista Pergolesi. Ansermet's recording of a suite from the ballet is reviewed this month.*

but Pye has apparently decided, and sensibly I feel, that most collectors would regard this as an unnecessary extravagance, and the discs now come in cardboard envelopes like any others, though better designed than most.

A more important difference, from a musical point of view, is that this is not only a re-issue, but a new transfer from the original tapes. Without any sacrifice of brilliance, some previous tendency to stridency and fierceness in the sound has now been eliminated, and there is a further gain in fullness and warmth in the bass.

The Lambert Touch

Waldteufel: Waltzes—*Grenadiers*; *Pomone* Philharmonia Promenade Orchestra (Henry Krips). Columbia SED5535. EP, 11*s.* 10*d.*

NOT ballet music, but Henry Krips—younger brother of the more famous Viennese conductor Josef Krips—has a way with a Waldteufel waltz that recalls Constant Lambert's conducting of this composer's music. Perhaps he could do other things as well as Lambert did.

Dancer in Tippett Opera

PIRMIN TRECU'S recent leg injury meant good fortune for Donald MacLeary of the Royal Ballet from Sadler's Wells. He made his début on the Covent Garden stage in the rôle of Strephon in Tippett's opera—*The Midsummer Marriage*. Trecu originally created this rôle when the opera was first given two years ago, and it was his first step in the big company towards the eminent position he now holds. Judging by MacLeary's performance on February 21, it looks as though it may do the same for him, as he is one of the dancers most likely to be transferred eventually from the smaller to the larger branch of the Royal Ballet.

Trecu broke a bone in his foot while dancing in *The Prince of the Pagodas* and showed remarkable bravery in the way he managed to keep out of the way of the other dancers and finish his performance. He made a quick recovery and by the time these words are read he should be dancing again, notably in Fokine's *Les Sylphides* with Elaine Fifield.

TELEVISION DANCE FESTIVAL: Some of the dancers who took part in the Dance Festival on television from Brussels on Jan. 29. They are talking to the Burgomaster of Brussels at a reception given in their honour. The picture includes Milorad Miskovitch, Alicia Markova, Pirmental (impresario), the Burgomaster, Philip Chatfield, Madame Rambert and Doris Barry (Markova's sister).

In the programmes televised first from Brussels, a few days later from Wiesbaden, Markova danced in Les Sylphides *with Ballet Rambert, also* The Dying Swan. *Ballet Rambert also gave* Le Jardin aux Lilas. *Beryl Grey and Philip Chatfield danced the* pas de deux *from* Checkmate *and the Aurora* pas de deux. *Other artists included Colette Marchand, Milorad Miskovitch and his group. Photo: Belga*

Shadow and Substance

THE SHADOW

The *pas de deux* from *The Shadow* presented in *Music For You* on BBC Television on February 6. Music: Dohnányi. Choreography by John Cranko. Produced by Patricia Foy.

Cast
SVETLANA BERIOSOVA
PHILIP CHATFIELD
ARNOTT MADER

WITH a music programme dominated by Tito Gobbi, and of a higher than usual standard, one could not avoid praying that the ballet contribution would, at the least, bear favourable comparison, and not prove to be just another of those famous and flamboyant *variations* or *pas de deux* which, somehow or other, usually manage to appear unexciting on television.

The *pas de deux* from *The Shadow* proved to be a pleasant surprise and a most satisfactory choice. Vital as it obviously is to the ballet, it is also sufficiently self-contained to be seen out of context. It was modestly presented against black drapes so that there was no elaborate décor to dilute the attention which should be focused on the dancing. Trick effects were avoided because the Shadow could easily melt into the darkness each time the youth approached.

The work itself depends enormously on mood, and the atmosphere present in this excerpt was something which, I think, may linger in the minds of viewers for some time. The dancers were impressive and brought the actual dance very close to the audience. Beriosova's every movement was expressive of the girl's innocence: the choreography exploits her *plastique* and her line most effectively. Because this type of unconventional *pas de deux* can do without décor and even survive when removed from its original setting, it is eminently suitable for television. It may even have exhorted some of the audience to follow up "live" ballet for themselves.

THE POLISH STATE DANCE COMPANY THE MAZOWSZE

Given on BBC Television on February 10. Music composed and arranged by Tadeusz Sygietynski. Choreography by Eugeniusz Paplinsky, Elwira Kaminska and Zbigniew Kilinski. Designer: George Djurkovic. Produced by Margaret Dale.

THE apparently unassuming direction of Margaret Dale was behind the success of the presentation of the Mazowsze Company on television. Her approach was realistic, almost documentary, in fact, and provided a perfect example of how this type of folk-dance programme should be presented. The curious musical instruments and picturesque costumes were considered interesting enough in themselves to allow the dancers to perform without the usual sugar-coating of sophisticated decorations.

Embellishments were confined to some pleasant examples of Polish folk art serving as a background for the credits at the end. The décor was as natural as the dancers: an open sky with a breeze shaking the trees, so that one was never quite convinced that the whole performance had not been filmed out of doors.

The actual dances depend on team-work rather than on soloists. They are spectacular, with jumps predominating as in the *Krakowiak*, and mainly show off the zest and vitality of the men. The girls have less scope, tending to dance on place and very much *à terre*, and even lean back to support some of the men's jumps.

Comparing this production with some previous shapeless programmes, there was an intelligent unity of camera work throughout. Complexities were avoided: floor patterns and groups were taken in long-shots, while close-ups were employed for the solos. Obvious as such treatment sounds, it has not always been used. You will recall dancers in a *pas de deux* on what appeared to be the horizon, and, on other occasions, rows and rows of skirts and petticoats brushing the screen.

The dancers themselves were refreshingly natural and untheatrical. There was a pleasantly authentic flavour to this lighthearted production.

THE HAUNTED BALLROOM

Given on BBC Television on February 24 by the Royal Ballet from Sadler's Wells. Choreography by Ninette de Valois. Music, Geoffrey Toye. Costumes by Motley. The London Symphony Orchestra conducted by John Lanchbery. Narrator, Wensley Pithey. Designer, Eileen Diss. Produced by Christian Simpson.

The Master of Tregennis	MIRO ZOLAN
Young Tregennis	PATRICIA COX
Alicia	ANNE HEATON
Beatrice	DOREEN TEMPEST
Ursula	SHIRLEY BISHOP
Butler	HENRY LEGERTON
The Stranger Player	WALTER TREVOR

and Full Company

BALLETS such as *The Haunted Ballroom* and *The House of Birds* seem ideally suited to television. Simply because they are modern, they are not regarded by viewers as being sacred works which cannot be violated or tampered with in any way, The producer has room in which to move and show his flair for handling the medium. The atmosphere can frequently be enhanced by some of the effects which television can now provide.

In this work the music intensifies the sense of mystery and horror, and immediately impels the viewer to get into the proper mood of suspended disbelief. It opened with a distant view of a dark Georgian mansion. The cameras then closed in to show silhouettes of dancers framed in the large windows.

Of the three guests carrying fans who persuade the Young Tregennis to show them the forbidden and deserted ballroom, Anne Heaton, in the rôle originally danced by Markova, was by far the best. Miro Zolan as the Master of Tregennis was sensibly cast. His distinguished and mature appearance gave the work some extra weight, as did the brief but equally distinguished appearance of Henry Legerton as the Butler. Zolan had a real dramatic sense and appreciation of the character, although his interpretation seemed more reserved than Helpmann's used to be.

Walter Trevor, in the more difficult rôle of the Stranger Player, was not so successful—a better mask and head-dress which would stand out on the screen should have been designed for him.

The ballet itself is in a mixture of styles which blend surprisingly well. The *corps de ballet* of spectral dancers with their almost Central European movements were particularly effective. The climax of their *danse macabre* to louder music of more insistent rhythm, a frenzied movement of spirited *ensembles*, was finely handled. The ballet was intelligently adapted for television. Throughout the programme, the appropriate atmosphere remained unbroken to the end when Young Tregennis (Patricia Cox), hand outstretched, stared into the cameras wondering whether he, too, will eventually fall victim to the same fate. The use of a special Gothic script in the credits for the names of the dancers playing the ghosts was an ingenious touch.

History and Practice

More Historical Dances, by Melusine Wood (Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing Incorporated—C. W. Beaumont. 42*s*.)

THE literature of historical dance has never been abundant. This ambitious new volume, however, a successor to the author's previous *Some Historical Dances*, fills in some more of the gaps. It is primarily a work for the specialist and not intended for the general ballet reader, though that ubiquitous character will miss a great deal of pleasure if he overlooks it. Readers need no longer rely on their general impressions of period dance (taken surely from the costume film spectacle). They will now be able to justify or correct their ideas.

In this work the dances are studied in relation to the Elementary and Intermediate syllabuses of the Imperial Society, although when the first volume was written there was no thought of the organisation having a syllabus of historical dancing.

The plan of the book is simple and straightforward. The arrangement is roughly chronological. It is divided into two main parts, one for each syllabus, with the emphasis placed on the more difficult dances in the Intermediate syllabus. This latter section is divided into three main parts dealing respectively with Italian 15th-century dances, Italian 16th-century dances, and 17th-century dances, which include French dances and some interesting material on the English country dances.

There are 11 pages of musical examples—the dances are given in counts and bars; a valuable table of dates, ranging from three instrumental *Estampies* discovered in one of the Harley Manuscripts in the British Museum for the period 1228–1887 when de Soria published the *Gavotte de Marly*; and a thorough index.

Outside the directions given for particular dances there are some interesting comments made on the influence of costume and environment on the dances of a period. Some of the subjects covered include the fundamental rules of poise and balance, medieval deportment (the gentleman should consider the lady and accommodate the length of his steps to hers and also study to make everything easy for her), the bow (the modified rule that a gentleman should always kneel on both knees to God, and on one knee to any superior), the curtsy, rules for entering and leaving and what to do with the hands, and how to invite a person to dance.

Melusine Wood has a strong sense of the past, and, although outside the scope of this book, I would have liked to have learned something of the processes of research and sources of material she has used to decipher and reproduce the historical dances. Her book is written with careful scholarship and deserves to be read by every member of the, I hope, not too small audience it is likely to attract.

The Prodigious Italian

The Theory and Practice of Advanced Allegro in Classical Ballet (*Cecchetti Method*), by Margaret Craske and Derra de Moroda. (C. W. Beaumont, 30*s*.).

THE purpose of this important book is to set down the manner of performance of the more difficult *temps d'allégro* which are used in Cecchetti classical ballet training.

The history of the book is interesting. Both authors studied for years with Maestro Cecchetti and each retained extensive notes of the tuition she had received. In close collaboration they had completed two-thirds of the manuscript when the outbreak of war separated them. Margaret Craske went to New York, and Derra de Moroda to Salzburg, but, as soon as an opportunity presented itself, the authors resumed their collaboration by correspondence. Eventually, Derra de Moroda flew to New York to settle all outstanding problems. It is interesting to observe that although each had recorded most of Cecchetti's classes independently, they found themselves in complete agreement.

The descriptions of the immense number of exercises and *enchaînements* given have been divided into bars to simplify the performing instructions, while the actual music or the most suitable rhythm is always suggested. Steps which are, or can be, executed on *pointe* are indicated, and there are 12 valuable pages of steps for men.

The work presupposes an intimate knowledge of the Cecchetti syllabus, and will be a most valuable guide for teachers and advanced students so equipped. It will be indispensable wherever advanced teaching is taking place and should, therefore, be the permanent possession of every teacher. It contains a well-compiled index.

E. C. Mason

Dance and Dancers . . . . AT HOME

THE ROYAL BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN

Shop-worn classics

SEEING both of the Royal Ballet's Tchaikowsky classics on subsequent nights brought home three regrettable but inescapable facts. Firstly the orchestral playing customarily given to these wonderful scores is unworthy of the music. The programme tells us that this is the same orchestra that accompanied the Bolshoi performances; relying solely on the evidence of one's ears it is hard to credit it.

Then there are the productions which are clumsy, out-moded and illogical. Sergeyev's realisation of the choreography is fine, and our quarrel is not with that. But both productions need to be completely re-considered from a dramatic standpoint. Both ballets need articles to themselves, but here are a few points to be going on with.

In the first act of *Swan Lake* (called *Le Lac des Cygnes* for some obscure reason best known to Covent Garden), why is everyone all dressed up alike? Amateur theatricals, perhaps. Who is Benno, and why is he so much older than the prince? It looks nasty. Why are there huntsmen in the second act? Why does Siegfried shuffle off when Odette dances her solo? Where does he go? What is supposed to be happening in the third act? Charades? Where do Siegfried and Odile go when they run off together at the beginning of the act? And why do they come back? What is the last act about? Why do they not have the lake (sorry, *lac*) overflow its banks? But these questions are just a beginning. The whole production has the casual informality of the touring version of an Ivor Novello musical.

The situation is just as unhappy when one looks at *The Sleeping Beauty* (shouldn't this be *La Belle au Bois Dormant* at Covent Garden?). The Prologue is moderately satisfactory, except for the handling of the Carabosse episode, which lacks mystery. The first act misses the atmosphere of a birthday partly largely because of the musical-comedy regimentation of costume.

The second act still contains the childish *gaffe*—which has been pointed out more than once—of having the quarry sighted stage-left and the huntsmen departing in pursuit stage-right. The actual vision of Princess Aurora is weakly presented, as are all the ballet's transformation scenes.

The Panorama showing the journey of the Prince and the Lilac Fairy is still omitted. In the last act the "court" should surely make their entrance before the King and Queen, and the Lilac Fairy should be accompanied, as she was until recent years, with the other five fairies of the Prologue. Ideally all six of them should bring their cavaliers along too. And who are those uncouth Russian friends of Diaghilev's, the Three Ivans, who seem so out of place in the circumstances? Am I alone in thinking they have outstayed their welcome?

For many of these production faults Covent Garden can give the perfect answer, summed up in the one word—money. Yet I still think a little more care and thought could be given to the smaller details. I mean, would a Queen who has been asleep for a hundred years, on awakening immediately slip into a dress that was already 16 years old when she started her slumbers? Are those characters dressed in blue in the last act both meant to be birds, or is the dance intended to be descriptive of the fairy-tale of the Bluebird and Princess Florisse?

The third regrettable thing about these two productions was the performances of the company. Not so much the principals or even the soloists were at fault, but the general level of style and acting was low. As actors the company splits up, unevenly, into sheep and goats. The sheep, the majority, do too little; the goats do too much. One gets the impression that not enough time is given to rehearsal of ensemble acting. For example, the court's reaction to Carabosse ranges from frozen indifference to frenzied notice. One is either served with cold mutton or sizzling ham. On its night even the Old Vic can do better than that.

Which brings me to the question of mime. The "classical" mime as used by the Royal Ballet is a meaningless semaphone system, to which the audience never had the code book that the dancers themselves seem to have lost. Surely the time has come to substitute a much

freer form of naturalistic gesture, like that used by the Danish Ballet, for the stiff jargon our English school has haltingly tried to pick up from the Imperial Russian Ballet. Let us teach our dancers to act and let them forget about making empty motions. Why cannot we engage someone like Etienne Decroux (teacher of Marceau and Barrault) or Gerda Karstens, or anyone with the root of the matter in them? Or if we are going to insist on retaining the Maryinsky dead language, why cannot we engage as teacher to our dancers the one person in recent experience who can make it nearly intelligible—Tamara Karsavina?

Now please do not misunderstand me. I love the Royal Ballet almost to the point of idolatry, like most of the regular ballet-goers of my generation. What I have attacked in these two productions I have tried to attack constructively, and many of the points I have raised are probably glaringly obvious to the management, and need only time and money to be righted. Time for our dancers to mature; time for more stage and orchestral rehearsals; money for a larger and older company. I have no wish to join that band of dismal desmonds who can see no virtue in the British effort, but it would be just as useless to be one of those cheerful charlies who think everything in the Garden is lovely. But no ballet organisation is perfect, and if you know where to aim you can kick even the now legendary Bolshoi just as hard as our stripling Wells. Well, nearly as hard.

The two performances in question contained as much good dancing as you are likely to get anywhere. Admittedly the Prologue to *The Sleeping Beauty* had little more than Ray Powell's waspish Carabosse, Annette Page's Songbird Fairy, and Pamela May and Bryan Ashbridge as the King and Queen to commend it. The other five fairies made unusually heavy going of their variations, and the six cavaliers showed more individuality than spirit.

Things improved considerably with the arrival of Nadia Nerina's Aurora. She showed a pleasing, easy style, and all her dancing was cleanly executed. Nerina has a particular thrusting vitality which gives her dancing a personal characteristic. Her portrayal of Aurora was simple and unaffected, and she was much more effective in the vision scene than she used to be. A little more weight and deliberation to her movements in the last act *pas de deux* would have been an advantage indicating the difference between Aurora the debutante and Aurora the bride.

Her partner, Alexis Rassine, did not show the forceful virility one normally expects from a *premier danseur*. All his movements were too soft and gentle. His Prince was rather a fop; a bit like Helpmann's although not so well acted. He partnered soundly and lifted particularly well.

The divertissements in the last act went admirably. I particularly like Doreen Wells and John Sale as Puss in Boots and the White Cat, Annette Page and Peter Clegg as the Bluebirds, and Alexander Grant, Keith Milland and Basil Thompson as the Three Ivans.

Blair as Siegfried

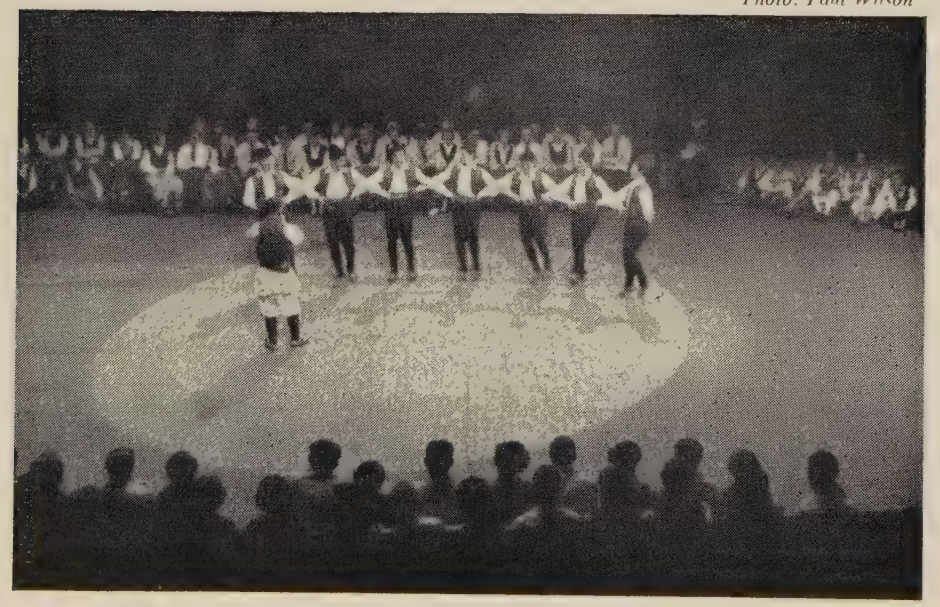
Swan Lake the following evening was dominated by David Blair's first-class performance as Siegfried. Without indulging too much in "I like X, who do you like?", I think I would now place him as the most satisfying Siegfried in my experience. His first act has shed its former air of salesmanship without losing its touch of radiance, and in the second and last acts his dramatic involvement beats Fadeyechev at his own game. His dancing in the Black Swan *pas de deux* had an untroubled simplicity that was most moving. In the *coda* he twirls round in a perfect series of *sautés* and *relevés pirouettes à la seconde* with the freedom of a top; he ends his variation with four or five *pirouettes* and two *doubles tours en l'air* down on to one knee, with no preparation between the *tours*. The same variation opens with a joyous succession of *assemblés* across the stage. All this we have seen from others, but the others made it look difficult.

His Odette/Odile, Elaine Fifield, has also improved. Technically she is a beautifully compact dancer. All affectation has been cut away, refined down to almost text-book proportions. Her back leg has tendency to droop in *arabesque* and *attitude*, and in certain turns (not *chainés*, for example, but *fouettés*) her movements lack freedom. Her personality is reserved, which is preferable to gush, but carries with it the grave danger of being uncommunicative. Her emotional range seemed very limited, I felt I was watching her through the wrong end of a telescope. She appeared to be putting a lot more into her Odette, but for me at any rate, not getting a great deal more out of it. Her Odile has nothing unduly subtle in its characterisation, but aided considerably by Blair, the *pas de deux* was extremely exciting.

Apart from a lamentably Anglo-Saxon Spanish dance, the character divertissements came over quite well. The first act *Pas de Six*, however, without actually collapsing in a shambles was drifting in that general direction. Nor was the *pas de trois* (apart from another bright spot from the obviously on-form Miss Page) a great deal to shout about. **Clive Barnes**

DIG, DIG, DIG: Macedonian Dancers in Kopatcka (*Digging Dance*) *at the Royal Albert Hall. The group were this year's visiting team at the annual festival given by the British Folk Dance and Song Society which always takes place in the first days of January.*

Photo: Paul Wilson



Beriosova takes over

THE sudden illness of Beryl Grey led to the unexpected appearance on February 7 of Svetlana Beriosova as La Capricciosa in *The Lady and the Fool*. Although Beriosova had already danced the part on the company's last American tour, this was the first time she had appeared in it in London.

It is an extremely difficult rôle and probably the circumstances left little time for rehearsal, yet Beriosova swept through its intricacies with complete assurance. In time I expect she will bring more polish to her dancing, but I am less certain whether she will be able to improve on a characterisation that even at this first Covent Garden appearance was remarkably complete.

She combined something of Grey's *grande dame fatale* with the virginal innocence of Patricia Miller, Capricciosa's original interpreter. Grey's Capricciosa had known too many men, Miller's too few, Beriosova's was the poor little rich débutante fearfully awaiting awakening and elopement. It was both glamorous and touching.

The rest of the soloists danced well; Philip Chatfield's Moondog and Ray Powell's Bootface have grown into exemplary interpretations. Chatfield's wan air of dusty poetry and street-corner magnificence was entirely convincing. This is a performance of which neither Marceau nor Barrault would need to be ashamed.

Nerina as the Firebird

THE *Firebird* still retains its place among the best of the company's productions. Indeed, since its first performances, Michael Somes, Beriosova and Frederick Ashton have all improved, Ashton remarkably so. No longer does he recall Carabosse, and his aged, iridescent black-beetle of a Kostchei was as loathsome a magician as one is likely to find. Nor can I think of anyone else who could better the mature integrity of Somes as the Tsarevitch.

Nerina's Firebird was, for the most part, stunningly danced, and it is good to see a Firebird who really flies, for, with all their wonderful individual qualities, both Fonteyn and Elvin lacked the elevation the part called for. Despite this advantage, however, Nerina is still not their equal, even though this performance represented an advance on her first attempt last autumn. She remained a ballerina when she should have been the embodiment of a myth.

The final sentence of the description of the ballet found in the printed programme is, incidentally, completely inaccurate. How appallingly casual the Royal Ballet can be over details like this! It is surely no more trouble to get a thing right than to get it wrong, and it is not true to say: "The Firebird places the Tsarevna's hand in that of the prince, and then flies away forever." **Clive Barnes**

Newcomers to Sylvia

ON February 23 (*matinée*) Anya Linden and David Blair first danced the rôles of Sylvia and Aminta in Ashton's *Sylvia*. They are to have a press début later in the season, which will be reviewed in full, but here are a few first impressions.

TWO ARABESQUES FROM NERINA: In the middle of March, Nadia Nerina (partnered by Alexis Rassine) again set off on a provincial concert tour. One of the numbers she gave was a reconstruction of Pavlova's The Dragonfly *(left). On the right she is in the title rôle of* The Firebird *which she has been giving at Covent Garden during Fonteyn's absence.* *Photos: Houston Rogers*

Linden's wig was unflattering, tending to make her face appear hard. Her dancing in the first act was good, clean stuff; fresh and exhilarating yet in no way sensational. In the second act she seemed to be relaxing and enjoying her abduction more than the decent bounds of deception might permit. She was at her best in the last act, with a nicely accentuated *pizzicato* solo and a first-rate *pas de deux*. The only comment on the *pas de deux* was that she needed to give herself more to her partner. He is, after all, making love to her in a far more direct fashion than is found in the oblique courtesy of the standard 19th-century classical *pas de deux*. When he lightly puts his hands across her brow, she needs to close her eyes and practically swoon in his arms.

Like Linden's, Blair's was a promising first attempt. He tried to give the reluctant hero some character, but without much success. Not that anyone else has really succeeded in making Aminta more than two solos, a *pas de deux* and a *coda*. His last act solo was perhaps too fluently danced. For full effectiveness the choreography requires an attack, sharp almost to the point of jerkiness. Splendid partnering in the *pas de deux*, for which he and Linden received a two-minute ovation.

Margot Fonteyn returned to Covent Garden on February 20, in *The Firebird*, but it was not until exactly a week later that I saw her in the rôle. Then she was still a little earth-bound, but more magnificent than ever before. A wild, fierce, untamed spirit, before whom evil quails. This performance tended to confirm the impression I had before her Scala visit, that Fonteyn is continuing to develop. England can only hope that it is allowed to see as much of that development as it would like.

The remainder of an extremely enjoyable programme was made up of *The Lady and the Fool* and *Les Patineurs*. In the latter, apart from a neat Blue Skater from Peter Clegg, interest was focused on the return of Rowena Jackson, after a brief illness. She is now dangerously near being irreplaceable as the "stationary" Blue Girl, her vertiginous speed giving the entire audience a vicarious thrill of dizziness. She ended her monumental showpiece of multiple *fouettés* with a four or, maybe, five. I wonder how she does it; ball-bearings in her point-shoes, do you think? **Clive Barnes**

THE ROYAL BALLET FROM SADLER'S WELLS

Promotions on the road

THE next time I chase off in hot pursuit of the Royal Ballet from Sadler's Wells, I mean to ensure that my visit does not coincide with a cup-tie match. To travel to see *Apparitions* on a train ostentatiously going to see the 'Spurs proved uncomfortable and psychologically unhealthy. Lacking both rosette and rattle one felt strangely naked.

However, my trip to Bournemouth had its compensations, including, of course, the *Apparitions*, reviewed elsewhere. *Solitaire* brought a couple of cast changes new to me; Sara Neil in the principal rôle, and Brenda Bolton in Miss Neil's usual part.

Neil as the solitary girl surveying the past, present and future, and looking back more in sorrow than in anger missed the charm, humour and tenderness of Margaret Hill, the part's creator. Hill's pale-bright nostalgia was immeasurably touching. Neil dances well, but with her the ballet loses the overtones that made it a masterpiece. *Solitaire* is dangerously fragile.

Just how fragile can also be seen by the equally upsetting substitution of Brenda Bolton in Neil's original part of the dizzy polka-dot. Neil jazzing on to the stage with the preoccupied air of a tight-rope walker, is, in some way, the epitome of *Vogue* and the *New Yorker*. Miss Bolton, whose dancing lacks the correct choreographic accent, conjures up, to be fanciful, nothing smarter than one of the mass-produced women's weeklies and *Reveille*.

Promotions in the company have resulted in the appointment of Alexander Bennett as a principal, and Leslie White as a soloist. Bryan Lawrence has been called-up, but Patrick Hurde has now been released from the Forces and rejoined the company. At Bournemouth he was dancing the Scotch Rhapsody in *Façade*, quite cheerfully but with not enough masculinity. It was evident at the same performance that Walter Trevor was getting more to grips with the rôle of the Dago than when I first saw him a few weeks previously.

Clive Barnes

LONDON'S FESTIVAL BALLET

A Hungarian Odette

IDEAS as to what the title ballerina really means seem to differ. When Festival Ballet were playing at Golder's Green the theatre there was plastered with notices which stated that the guest artist, Margit Muller, was a ballerina

continued overleaf

from the State Opera House in Budapest. Her performance as Odette in *Swan Lake* Act II did not conform to our idea of a ballerina.

In the first place she is rather on the large side for a Swan Queen. This would have been quite excusable, as no doubt she can fine down in time, had she revealed any other qualities usually associated with the honoured title of ballerina. Her arms could be very nice when she has learned that in *Swan Lake* their movements and undulations emanate from the shoulders and not the elbows.

We had been told that her turns were good, but in her variation when she has to perform a few, these did not seem to be very steady. Her *arabesque* was not very high, her mime quite meaningless and her phrasing peculiar. No doubt in her own company in Budapest, surrounded by the Hungarian version of Ivanov's masterpiece, she is very highly thought of. It is also possible that when she has got the hang of our versions she will be a great deal better than she was on the night I saw her.

As Prince Siegfried, Jean-Pierre Alban partnered manfully and as well as I think one could expect of anybody under the circumstances. He still has to learn that mime is more than a few traditional gestures conducted from the waist upwards—the whole body must be brought into play. The splendid dancing of the *corps de ballet* saved this single act of *Swan Lake* from becoming a completely depressing spectacle. The depression is not alleviated in any way by Sainthill's submarine décor made worse by some very harsh lighting.

Wright and Gilpin in *Giselle*

IF Festival Ballet are incapable of giving *Swan Lake* its desired nobility, they certainly put on a spanking *Giselle*. The performance on February 20 was exhilarating in every way. The last time I saw Belinda Wright and John Gilpin in the Giselle and Albrecht rôles in Oxford at the end of 1955, they were extremely tentative. Now all that has changed.

Gilpin's Albrecht has developed on more personal lines and is no longer a sixth carbon copy of Dolin's. He now acts his age instead of superimposing the mannerisms of an older man which somehow made his previous performances lack any feeling of truth. He partnered beautifully and danced his variation with great *élan*.

Wright was charming in the first act and gave the second with sincerity. What is more, she has developed a grand manner which proclaims her a ballerina, but without moving outside the boundaries of the rôle.

She really looks too healthy a girl to go mad and some of the fault of this is due to a rather "cute" hair-do in the first act which gives her the appearance of Swanilda from *Coppélia*. In the second act she has her hair dressed in the flat classical way which is just right; she should keep it the same in both acts. Otherwise Belinda Wright gave a performance which had certain similarities to that of Markova. Higher praise could scarcely be given.

The smaller rôles were mainly well played though Pamela Hart was not very convincing or regal as Bathilde. Russel Kerr made Hilarion into a sympathetic character and it was an intelligent portrayal, at its best in the scenes with Albrecht. He should, though, beware of "hamming" too much. Janet Overton is the best current Queen of the Wilis, except for Lupe Serrano with Ballet Theatre. What a fine artist this girl is!

Dolin seems to have incorporated a number of production details from the Bolshoi *Giselle* and they are all to the good. Why do Festival Ballet give this excellent production so rarely? Surely we could have more of this instead of their ghastly *Nutcracker*. **Peter Williams**

SPANISH RECITAL

Angelo Andes and Nady Santander with the New English Players in Dances and Music of Spain. Presented at the Rudolf Steiner Theatre on January 23.

THE great success which this programme enjoyed lay in the immense wealth of traditional dances which the two artists have at their disposal. Nady Santander has a remarkable stage sense and is an extremely gifted mime. She invests the simple peasant dances from their *Aragon Suite* with much that is tender, sweet and passionate, and there is a comfortable air of authority about her dancing. She is at her best in her solo, *Homenaje a la Virgen*, and reveals considerable dramatic ability in the long extracts from *El Amor Brujo* which she and Angelo Andes give.

While they managed to arouse great excitement by the disciplined exuberance of their dancing, neither are any longer at their technical best. They lack the sheer physical skill necessary for the execution of the more difficult traditional steps, the *Zapateados* for example. Angelo Andes, now rather round in silhouette, has not the streamlined appearance we have come to take for granted in Spanish male dancers. Nevertheless, he is very good in the simple comedy folk-dances which depend on mood rather than technique, and excellent in his guitar accompaniments.

The New English Players, under the alert direction of Leonard Rafter, provide a beautifully clear and sympathetic accompaniment. The present programme should be ideally suited for some of our smaller cities which no longer have theatres equipped for full ballet companies. **E. C. Mason**

NOTATION LECTURE

ANN HUTCHINSON on CONTEMPORARY APPROACHES TO RECORDING MOVEMENT

Presented by the British Dance Notation Society on December 16

IN this lecture Ann Hutchinson confined herself to the discussion of some of the lesser-known systems of dance notation. It was illustrated with charts by which she was able to compare the devices used by different notators to solve the various problems. Photographic reproductions of 22 systems were shown. They ranged from a system discovered in Spain and believed to date back to 1450 to the more recent systems of today, those of Eugene Loring and Leticia Jay from America.

Not that we actually have a choice of as many as 22 competitive systems for present-day use. The majority have not been based on a scientific framework, and suffer from limitation beyond which they do not lend themselves to further development. The very failures of past notators, in fact, sharpen one's conception of what an ideal system must provide.

The earliest systems, in what Ann Hutchinson terms the historical group, are primarily intended to reproduce floor patterns and, while decorative, are extremely limited. Later, systems based on modified stick-figures and music notes appeared, and, more recently, systems based on abstract symbols, such as those of Laban, Loring and Margaret Morris have been evolved.

The most important result of this lecture was that it removed some confused thinking and gave one a reasonably good idea of what we may expect a system of notation to accomplish. Firstly, a system must be read fluently, as easily as one can read music. A few facts may need to be deciphered, but if a whole system has to be deciphered with the aid of a key, it will be cumbersome to use. It goes without saying that a well-designed system can be added to or adapted so that it can provide for anything and everything.

It is a disadvantage if a system takes up a large amount of space. This may require the reader to search in four or five separate columns to work out one movement, But the most important of all prerequisites is that it can be read by the dancer. Therefore, any system which is written from the viewpoint of the audience (the dancer's front view) will be awkward for use. On the other hand, if the movements are recorded as from behind the dancer (his back view), the left foot will be the left foot in the score, and he will be able to translate the signs into movement more easily.

The symbols used must be related to the dance's rhythm. In the Laban system this is provided for by varying the length of the symbol; so that the longer the symbol the longer the duration of the movement. In the Benesh system the signs are written on a musical stave which is placed underneath the actual music used. A dilemma which faced many notators was should they write their symbol where the movement starts or where the movement stops.

Two of the systems discussed were invented by musicians—Pierre Conté in Paris, and the Babitz system from America. In its early stages the Babitz method appears to bear a rather close resemblance to the Benesh system: but this is my comparison, not Ann Hutchinson's. Facts seem to indieate that musicians select rather arbitrarily the movements they feel should be recorded, with the result that detail is not provided for. In America, Leticia Jay has devised a system based on stick figures which, though undeveloped, could prove a quick and easy method for the general public.

Eugene Loring, who has been developing his system for the past eight years, uses a vertical staff which differs from Laban's in that it is read from the top down. As in Laban's timing is shown by breaking this staff into counts or bars. Many supplementary columns are given for each part of the body. Present evidence seems to indicate that the writing consumes a great amount of space.

Massine is particularly interested in the old Stepanov system (one based on music notes), which he believes to be a valuable one capable of further development. Stepanov himself was a dancer in St. Petersburg, who died at the age of 30. His book was published in Paris, but as the system was devised for recording classical ballet, it does not really go far enough. Massine has made various additions to it, and is convinced that a system based on music notes will provide the best possible means of recording movement.

Nikolais, an American modern dancer who studied with Hanya Holm, has prepared a system which appears to be a compromise: the Laban staff is adhered to, but notes of music are used instead of abstract symbols. Two interesting sidelines emerged from the lecture: the Loring system attempts to provide for emotional aspects of dance and the actual sources of movement, while the Margaret Morris system, apart from the more comprehensive Laban system, is alone in its attempt to record details of breathing. **E. C. Mason**

RUSSIAN FILMS

A PROGRAMME of Russian films at the Pushkin Club in Notting Hill Gate on January 25 included some of interest to the dance-lover. Is it the more rarefied air at higher altitudes that encourages a talent for zany humour in the folk-art of mountainous regions? The male dancers in *Ural Songs and Dances* had a kind of hill-billy zip and swagger, with prodigious feats of virtuosity used as a

basis for whimsically eccentric characterisation. As in practically all folk-dance, the women showed an almost ritualistic subservience to the men.

Prodigious virtuosity of a different order illumined Ulanova's performance, with Sergeyev, of the second-act *pas de deux* from *Swan Lake*. Perfection is an inadequate word to describe the transcendental beauty of Ulanova's dancing in this brief excerpt, filmed in 1940. How poignantly expressive are those high, caressive *développés*, those multiple *fouetté* turns like a feather spinning in the wind. And has anyone ever given a more intensely musical performance of the dance, phrased like this in a single broad arc from the opening to the final pose, frozen by the film editor into a page of ballet history.

The Ulanova film was lent by Madame Rambert. One of Plissetskaya had also been announced, but Plissetskaya, as elusive as ever, was apparently indisposed.

David Hunt

BALLET AND ATHLETICS

A class and lecture given by Andrew Hardie, followed by a discussion organised by Roland Harper, head of the Department of Physical Education at the University of Manchester, at the Royal Academy of Dancing.

AS a result of a meeting between representatives of the Specialist Athletic Clubs Committee and the Royal Academy of Dancing, it was agreed that a controlled experiment in the form of classes based on ballet exercises should be tried out on promising young athletes. So far this scheme has been confined to exercises for hurdlers and high jumpers.

Andrew Hardie has prepared a class which follows a conventional ballet class reasonably closely. The main differences are that the feet or supporting leg are not turned out at the *barre* and only partially turned out in the centre. Some exercises from a character *barre* have been incorporated. In the centre there is a strong accent on jumps, many *changements* and *échappés sautés*, but with a strong warning to the athletes to attempt to absorb the shock of landing through the knees so that the spine will not be jarred. So far the primary aim has been to strengthen the weaker parts of the body, and to make the athlete more aware of his own body by developing control, co-ordination and rhythm.

It is possible that the exercises will be extended to other branches of athletics, and that certain muscle groups will be worked upon extensively for certain types of athletics. Although the scheme has only been in operation for approximately one month, during which time the athletes have had three one-hour classes a week, there have already been claims of increased heights in jumps. However, it must be appreciated that it is extremely difficult to measure any results as early as this. One point which has emerged is that the athletes find their own exercises much easier to perform, now too easy, in fact.

No attempt is made to add *épaulement* or presentation to the work, although it is the personal opinion of Idzikowski (who has worked on previous similar experiments) that there is no reason whatever why an athlete should not practise finishing a jump in an attractive pose. The most remarkable features of the class were the elevation of some athletes who used a minimum of *plié* and the obvious realisation that a ballet student who has been learning for only a short period has a far superior muscular control than most athletes.

E. C. Mason

Dance and Dancers . . . ABROAD

FRANCE

THE PARIS OPERA

ON Wednesday, January 29, Michel Renault took over the rôle of Albrecht in *Giselle*, playing opposite Yvette Chauviré. Despite a very creditable effort of restraint and reserve, and the unusual discretion of his interpretation, the part did not seem to suit him so well as Nautéos and Roméo. The first act, which fits his temperament more than the second, which is too romantic in mood for him, allows him to give an impression of youth and vitality. The contrast with the profound interpretation and the intense emotional radiance of Yvette Chauviré appeared, however, too great to give the ballet a balance in accordance with contemporary Parisian taste.

On February 7, Serge Lifar gave an interesting lecture to the Institut Chorégraphique on the various problems set by the creation of *Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien*. After briefly recalling his first meeting with Gabriele d'Annunzio and his recent journey to Gardone Riviera, his home, he largely concentrated on the personality, to his mind "primordial," of Claude Debussy, and explained the meaning of his own researches during the preparation of the choreographic *mise en scene* of this work. He ended by paying a tribute to Boris Romanoff, of whose death he had just learned, and who held one of the 13 "chairs" of the Academie de Danse.

MASSINE'S LECTURE

IN the theatre at the American Embassy, Leonide Massine gave a lecture on January 30 on Red Indian dancing which he studied during a six-months' stay in the USA. After a rapid explanatory introduction, he analysed the different movements used—of feet, legs, shoulders, arms, wrists, head—emphasising the essential characteristics, such as the bended knees, the unity of expression, the shaking shoulders. Then, assisted by his son, he passed on to an extremely brilliant and precise technical demonstration. In view of the interest he has always shown in these questions of folklore, this lecture aroused great interest. It was clear from what he said that these dances have a brilliance that was wholly lacking from the programme presented last winter at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées.

IN BRIEF

THE Spanish company of Roberto Ximenez and Manolo Vargas have just given a short season at the Théâtre de l'Étoile. The programme included the best numbers from their earlier seasons and several interesting novelties. More coherent and richer, it still has the sure taste and the measured elegance which formerly gave it so much charm. As well as Fina Vivo, Ana Mercedes and Dolores Salado gave distinguished performances. The unusual attention to harmony of setting is particularly remarkable.

DICK SANDERS has just arranged the choreography for Georges Delarue's opera *Le Chevalier de Neige*, first performed at Nancy on February 1.

AMERICAN Ballet Theatre have given a season at the Opera House, Monte Carlo. The two stars were Rosella Hightower and Nora Kaye, and the works shown included *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Rodeo*, *Combat* (danced by Lupe Serrano and John Kriza), as well as more debatable revivals of *Giselle* and *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Act II).

ON February 8, during the Rose Ball at the Monte Carlo Sporting Club, Colette Marchand created the title-rôle of *Mimi la Rose*, a ballet by John Taras with music by Aimé Barelli and a set by André Levasseur. At Wiesbaden, on February 1, she had played the rôle of Clorinde in *Le Combat* with Milorad Miskovitch, and Maurice Béjart and Michèle Seigneuret danced *Symphonie pour un Homme Seul*.

AT Teatro Massimo, Palermo, Janine Charrat has just produced *Le Joueur de Flute*, with music by Marius Constant and sets by Georges Wakhévitch. This ballet had already been successfully given at the Teatro Colón, Buenos Aires, last autumn. Janine Charrat is to return to Paris at the end of February to prepare for a forthcoming tour of France. Her small company of 14 dancers will be led by herself, Josette Clavier and Robert Pomié, both formerly of the Opéra, Hélène Trailine and Jean Blanchard. A new work by Dick Sanders will probably be given.

THE Jeunesses Musicales de France organised a ballet gala at the Salle Pleyel on February 14, in which Leonide Massine and Solange Schwarz took part.

AFTER dancing at Marseilles on February 5 and 6, the Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas is to go on to Nice and Cannes from February 8 to March 17. Nathalie Krassovska and Wassil Tupine have joined the company, which also will probably welcome back Rosella Hightower.

FRANÇOISE ADRET is continuing her work as ballet mistress of the Netherlands Opera, for which she has recently created *Le Photographe*, a ballet-bouffe with music by Maurice Thiriet and plot, sets and costumes by Constantin Népo. She has also produced *Giselle*, of which only the second act had formerly been in the repertory.

DENISE BOURGEOIS has just been engaged by Maurice Lehmann as the star ballerina for the new operetta *Valses di Vienne*, to be given at the Théâtre du Châtelet on April 14.

Marie Françoise Christout

AMERICA

NEW YORK CITY BALLET

THE New York City Ballet, which opened a ten-week season at the New York City Centre in mid-December, has had one of its most successful New York engagements, and present plans call for an indefinite extension of this run. Highlights of the season so far have been George Balanchine's *Divertimento No.* 15 (reviewed in last month's issue), and the New York premières of Gian Carlo Menotti's *The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore*, which is described elsewhere in this issue. In addition, still to come are two more premières as well as two major revivals. The new works are *The Masquers*, with choreography by Todd Bolender, set to music by Francis Poulenc and with scenery and costumes by David Hays, and *Pastorale*, with choreography by Francisco Moncion to a score by Charles Turner. The important revivals include the return of Frederick Ashton's *Picnic at Tintagel*, and Lew

Christensen's *Filling Station*. All four works will be reviewed next month.

DE MILLE ON TELEVISION

PROGRAMMED as "The Art of Choreography," Agnes de Mille's second nationwide appearance on the "Omnibus" television broadcast lacked the drive, flow and content that was established to such a marked degree in her previous programme last season. Moreover, this time she appeared nervous, forgot her lines once and generally talked too quickly. All this, no doubt, is due to the split-second exigencies of this supremely time-conscious medium. However, De Mille believes in her subject so strongly that she sweeps the viewer along with her even if at times "one had difficulty escaping the idea that Miss de Mille invented most of the art herself," as John Crosby put it in his review in the *New York Herald-Tribune*.

The programme opened and closed with a brief excerpt from George Balanchine's *Serenade* danced by a *corps de ballet* of 17. Then, beginning with an African war dance, performed by Charles Queenan, and a sword dance, given by James Jamieson, De Mille went on to describe the development of the expressive possibilities of ballet. There was a liberal section of Fokine's *Les Sylphides*, as well as a part of De Mille's own *Rodeo*. Here the choreographer was at the top of her form, explaining what she meant to convey with this work. Equally gratifying were two *pas de deux*, one reminiscent of her previous rich contributions in this field in *Paint Your Wagon* and *The Girl in Pink Tights*. The other seemed to be patterned after the outstanding section of last season's *Rib of Eve*.

Assembled to appear in this programme was a notable array of dance talent that included Charles Queenan, James Jamieson, Gemze de Lappe, James Mitchel, Sonia Arova, Frederick Franklin, Jenny Workman, Kelly Brown, Diana Adams and Dusty Worrall. The camera-work ranked among the best that has been produced in this country, and suggested that hours of rehearsal had been devoted to this programme.

JOSE LIMON FOR EUROPE

JOSE LIMON, considered by many to be America's finest male dancer, and his company will tour Europe and the Near East for a period of about five months, beginning in September. The tour will be under the auspices of the State Department's International Exchange Programme that is administered by the American National Theatre and Academy. It is expected that the company will visit England, Scotland, France, Italy, Greece, Belgium, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Denmark, Austria, Spain, Germany, Iran, Iraq, Turkey, Lebanon, Syria, Israel and Yugoslavia.

In addition to Limon, the company will include Pauline Koner, Lucas Hoving, Betty Jones, Ruth Currier, Lavina Nielsen and 10 other dancers, Doris Humphrey is artistic director, Simon Sadoff musical director and Pauline Lawrence Limon's personal manager —and wife. As it is now planned, the repertoire will be made up of four different programmes chosen from some 12 to 15 works choreographed by Miss Humphrey and Mr. Limon.

MICHAEL MAULE, who became an American citizen in December, has been engaged as a guest artist at the Metropolitan Opera House, where he is appearing in the remaining performances of *Ernani* this season as a partner to Mary Ellen Moylan.

SOL HUROK has announced that Britain's Royal Ballet will return to America for its fifth tour of the United States and Canada next autumn. The four-week New York engagement will begin at the Metropolitan Opera House on September 8, after which the company will tour for 17 weeks, the longest period that the company has ever appeared in the United States. The tentative itinerary lists Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, St. Louis, Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland and Seattle as well as Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver and Winnipeg.

Another event of exceptional importance, also under the aegis of Sol Hurok, is the autumn American tour of the Massed Pipers, Drummers, Highland Dancers and Regimental Band of the Black Watch. The Scottish dancers and musicians, numbering more than 100, will appear in New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Boston, Washington, Philadelphia and Toronto during their twelve-week stay.

Arthur Todd

NEW YORK MUSICALS

Volpone

WITH the exception of *Cranks*, the 1956–57 musical theatre on Broadway has been barren of the creative use of choreography, which makes Daniel Hagrin's tremendous contributions to the off-Broadway production of *Volpone* all the more important. Here, certainly, is dance, movement and mime used in a brilliantly fresh manner that give pace, force and scope to the overall production.

The whole production is a wonderful harlequinade in the true Commedia dell' Arte spirit, and Mr. Nagrin employs a group of five young men to act as clowns, to play lesser characters and, chiefly, to change scenes. This includes moving actual scenery and properties off stage and on, and, at times, even the other actors. Every scene change uses a different movement approach, and this provides a running continuity and flow, as it were, that injects exactly the perfect mood and spirit. No mention of this delightful entertainment would be complete without the names of the five exceptionally talented performers who give inspired performances—Todd Jackson, Tom Hasson, Noel Schwartz, Al De Sio and Phil Jackson.

In several past Broadway productions Nagrin has distinguished himself as a dance star, and for this reason it is doubly interesting to note this latest forward step in his career. Certainly there is a need for this kind of trend-setting talent in our commercial theatre today, and Nagrin quite obviously has all of the qualifications required.

Bells are Ringing

WHEN one remembers that it was the combined talents of Jerome Robbins and writers Betty Comden and Adolph Green that produced the memorable and magnificent *On the Town* a decade or so ago, one might expect something equally noteworthy this time in *Bells Are Ringing*. Instead there was the surprise of seeing a perfectly run-of-the-mill musical similar to those that abounded on Broadway in the 1930's. And not anywhere was there a dance scene or episode that seemed especially integrated into the action, and nowhere was dance used creatively to advance or enhance the plot. Granted, it was a pretty dull plot, that of a telephone-answering-service girl who becomes involved with the problems of her clients, but perhaps nothing more than this was necessary as long as it brought wonderful Judy Holliday back to the stage.

Since it is now fashionable in the musical theatre to get straight actors to sing and dance, if, for nothing else, the surprise and novelty, we are here given the opportunity of watching Miss Holliday and her exceedingly ingratiating and gifted leading man, Sidney Chaplin, perform charmingly and adroitly. In addition, there is a subway dance scene that is in no manner as good as the one Robbins staged for *On the Town* and another satire on a cheap night club dance, *The Midas Touch* (I thought we had *had* those after *Guys and Dolls*), and an exuberant, if misplaced, illustration of the Cha-Cha called *Mu Cha-Cha*, that was performed in whammy Broadway fashion by Peter Gennaro and Ellen Ray. Since Robbins was also responsible for the direction of this musical (and one might expect more creative originality in this field from such a distinguished choreographer), it is difficult to know just how much he is to blame for the mediocre level of the dances.

Happy Hunting

HAPPY Hunting is another musical comedy with a 1930 format whose chief blessing is the presence of Ethel Mermen at her brightest

Apparitions

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repertory, and the production was eventually shelved.

The present revival is based on the Covent Garden version and not the original Vic-Wells production. The stirring orchestration Gordon Jacob made of Lambert's selection of Liszt remains one of the best ballet scores ever utilised by British ballet, and the choreography has been faithfully revived, but it must be admitted that Beaton's décor and ravishing costumes now look as though they have seen better days. Not all the costumes appeared to fit perfectly; the Hussar, for example, had his shirt hanging out, a wild disorder that would probably have pleased Herrick more than the designer. In the Epilogue the *corps de ballet* of mourners had to push past the front-cloth, causing the library to oscillate in a most disturbing fashion. Not all the white "flats" looked clean, and an air of genteel grubbiness hung over the production. In all, the ballet looked more borrowed than revived, and considering the few new productions the company nowadays undertakes, and the good attendances it seems to attract on tour, one would have thought that the management could have been just a little less cheeseparing.

The performance which I saw in Bournemouth was creditable. John Field was not a completely adequate replacement for Helpmann, any more than was Somes, and at times he seemed more like a journalist than a poet. There was an unlikely stolidity to his poetic raptures. However, he sustained the part to the end, and if his acting had restraint, it also had sincerity.

Anne Heaton's Woman in the Ball Dress was familiar from her Covent Garden appearances. It proved, once more, to be a good portrayal, but like Fonteyn's post-war performances in the part, it lacked the dewy freshness that gives the situation its special flavour. The girl needs the unwitting cruelty of the very young; once make her a *grande dame à la Toumanova* and half the ballet's poignancy evaporates. She should be immature: all life, all youth, all fancy, a thoughtless beauty killing in innocence.

Michael Boulton, who danced the Hussar at the performance I saw, needed more animal arrogance. The Hussar is just Fokine's Moor in another guise.

The whole company danced the work very well, and the ballet itself definitely merits inclusion in the national repertory.

Clive Barnes

and brassiest. The by-now dated Grace Kelly–Prince Rainier nuptials form the basis of a plot that sends the star, in her rôle as a mother, hunting for a titled husband for her daughter, and you can guess the conclusion. You can also guess from this the level of the settings, the costumes, the music and the dances.

It is now a foregone conclusion that Mermen ends up in the finale of every large dance scene in each of her musicals, and, in this instance, it halts the cumulative effect of one or two pleasant dance ideas. One of these is the title-song, with the dancers as members of a hunt club. The other is *A New-Fangled Tango*, with the dancers jiggling in time on a postage-stamp-size dance floor. (Interestingly enough, co-choreographer Bob Herget appeared in a similar crowded dance floor number, *Yatata, Yatata, Yatata*, in Agnes de Mille's *Allegro* back in 1947.)

Li'l Abner

THE musical version of an enormously popular comic strip, *Li'l Abner*, which sounds like a delightful idea in itself, has, in this instance, turned out as one of the most tasteless, banal and boring evenings of the present theatrical season, and the only saving grace are the dances provided by Michael Kidd. Even these, as a matter of fact, are not among his most creative. Nevertheless, *Sadie Hawkins Day*, the ballet finale of the first act, stands out sharply. This is purely a matrimonial chase, and hardly anything more, yet it is full of flashing energy and bursting speed. Mostly it's a series of runs, leaps, entrances and exits, but it has been staged superbly and is performed exuberantly, as are the other less noteworthy numbers, by a brilliant company of dancers. One wishes that Michael Kidd might have been able to instill the same vitality and pace in his staging of the rest of the production.

Candide

USING Voltaire's ironic satire *Candide* as a basis, one might have expected that by combining a book by Lillian Hellman, a score by Leonard Bernstein with lyrics by John Latouche, Dorothy Parker and Richard Wilbur, direction by Tyrone Guthrie of a production designed by Oliver Smith with costumes by Irene Sharaff, that the result might quite easily be a magnificent experience in the lyric theatre. All of this, however, was hailed as "a spectacular disaster" by drama critic Walter Kerr in the *New York Herald-Tribune*, and this sums up the entire production in a nutshell.

Certainly, however, it is visually one of the most beautiful productions in seasons, but the bitter, astringent Voltaire touch is gone and what remains is a mountain of boredom. Dance-wise, it seems, something might have been done to vitalise the action and musical numbers, but all that is in evidence are scraps of some stately and stiff court dances. One wonders why the programme note adds: "The management wishes to express its appreciation to Anna Sokolow for her assistance." Certainly this is nowhere in evidence, and she might have provided so much, had she been given the unrestricted opportunity.

Arthur Todd

VOLPONE: *Todd Jackson, Noel Schwartz and Al de Sio as dancing grooms in Daniel Nagrin's dances from Zeig's version of Ben Jonson's* Volpone. *Photo: Carrington*

LI'L ABNER: *Dancers in the ballet sequence from the end of the first act of the musical based on the popular cartoon strip. Michael Kidd was responsible for the choreography.* *Photo: Friedman-Abeles*

BALLET CLUBS

"Royal" visitors in Oxford

RIGHTLY or wrongly I think I saw the Royal Ballet pass another milestone on the road to maturity at Oxford on February 17. Admittedly the circumstances were hardly propitious for the making of history, and the event was of no shattering importance in itself, but although the occasion was small it was indicative of a development that was big.

In one of the lecture rooms of New College, four members of the Covent Garden *corps de ballet* danced in practice dress a programme of standard classical *pas de deux* and *soli*. There was no stage, no lighting, no make-up. There was hardly room to swing a cat, let alone a *pas de chat*. The music was provided by a piano that had passed its prime. The attentive audience was the Oxford University Ballet Club.

I was present as a friend of the club and not as a critic, but busmen find it difficult to take holidays, particularly when they are faced with a bus. So, with due apologies to everyone, I find myself writing a public notice of a private party.

The four dancers were Judith Sinclair, Doreen Wells, David Drew and David Shields. The programme consisted of: Sinclair and Drew in an abbreviated *Giselle* peasant *pas de deux*; Wells and Shields in the *adagio* from *Casse Noisette*; Wells in the variation of the Woodland Glades Fairy from *The Sleeping Beauty*; Sinclair in the Golden Vine variation from the same ballet; Drew in Siegfried's variation from the *Black Swan pas de deux*; Shields in Idzikowski's variation from *Les Rendezvous*; Sinclair and Drew in the Linden/Ashbridge *adagio* from the *pas de six* from *The Prince of the Pagodas*; and Wells and Shields in the adagio and variations from the *Coppélia pas de deux*. As encores Wells danced the Merle Park variation from the *Pagodas pas de six*, and Sinclair and Drew repeated the Linden/Ashbridge *adagio*. The dancers were wonderfully helped by the piano-playing of Hilda Gaunt, who worked throughout the afternoon like a triumphant Trojan.

In conditions that diabolically contrived to combine all the disadvantages of classroom and stage, in that not only were the dancers deprived of any opportunity for technical faking but were also placed under the emotional stress of actual performance, these four young dancers put on a magnificent show. Miss Wells and Mr. Shields had, of course, been seen in solo rôles before, as had, less frequently, Miss Sinclair. For Mr. Drew this represented his "solo début."

The four of them had prepared and rehearsed for the performance with as much seriousness as if they had been making their Covent Garden débuts. Everything was produced at a high professional level, as befitted the Royal Ballet. The dancing itself (and the individual honours were pretty even) was beautifully accomplished and stylish. Dancers far less gifted than these have led British companies in the past, while Drew and Shields practically symbolise the rise of British male dancing. Just ten years ago these two promising *corps de ballet* boys would have been greeted with something of the reverence accorded an Eglevsky. Yet here today their virility and brilliance quite rightly evoked no more surprise than the equal promise shown by the two girls. That is progress.

Yet, to my mind, the importance of the occasion was not so much the performance of the dancers, but the fact that that performance could take place at all. Here was clear unambiguous evidence that the Royal Ballet has, awaiting its turn in the wings, a big reservoir of talent, for I cannot believe that these four are the only dancers the company has tucked away. The Royal Ballet now possesses the same kind of hidden strength and under-the-counter ability, as is possessed by a few of the other great State companies.

The time is soon going to come (perhaps it already has come) when some outlet will have to be found for this talent. Possibly the O.U. Ballet Club has given the right lead. Were the management to agree, it would be a splendid thing for everyone if groups of young dancers like these could acquire experience by giving divertissements for ballet clubs in other part of the country.

Clive Barnes

COVER STORIES

This month's front cover, by Houston Rogers, is of Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes in the *pas de deux* from Ashton's *Birthday Offering*, which is one of the ballets given at the gala in aid of the Royal Ballet Benevolent Fund on March 26, in the presence of the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret.

MARGOT FONTEYN is the first British ballerina to have been fully developed in a British company. Born at Reigate, Surrey, in 1919, she went to her first dancing school at the age of four. In 1927 her family moved to Shanghai, where she continued her studies. During the latter part of her six years in the Far East she was taught by George Goncharov. On her return to England she went to Astafieva and in 1934 joined the Vic-Wells School. Filling in the gap left by the departure of Markova from the Vic-Wells Ballet in 1935, Fonteyn rapidly took over more and more important rôles. Her first created rôle was in Ashton's *Apparitions* in 1936 and since then he has created rôles for her which have grown in importance as she developed. As Ballerina Assoluta of the Sadler's Wells Ballet (now Royal Ballet) she has been acclaimed by the whole world. Honours have been showered upon her, but none so important as the award of D.B.E. in 1956. As wife of the Panamanian Ambassador to the Court of St. James, Fonteyn's rôle today is of double importance. This year she will be seen in many foreign countries, including America, Italy and Australia.

MICHAEL SOMES was born in Gloucestershire in 1917 and was trained at an early age by Miss Catherine Blott and also by Espinosa. In 1934 he won a scholarship to the Vic-Wells School, and was the first English dancer to achieve this distinction. He showed great progress and was soon taken into the Vic-Wells Ballet. For him, Ashton created the rôle of the Boy in *Horoscope* in 1937. In this ballet he danced with Fonteyn and it marked the beginning of a long partnership which has continued ever since. He has partnered her in almost every classical ballet and is one of the best *danseurs nobles* of our time. Today he is the principal male dancer of the Royal Ballet from Covent Garden.

Ballet Dates

THE ROYAL BALLET
at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

Mar.
18 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Beriosova Chatfield)
19 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Jackson, Somes)
20 *Sylvia* (Fonteyn, Somes)
21 *Sylvia* (Grey,* Chatfield)
22 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Fifield, Blair)
23 (M) *Sylvia* (Linden, Blair)
23 (E) *Sylvia* (Beriosova, Chatfield)
25 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Grey,* Chatfield)
26 Gala in aid of Sadler's Wells Benevolent Fund—*Les Sylphides* (with Markova), *Petrouchka* (première), *Birthday Offering*
27 *Les Sylphides, Petrouchka, Birthday Offering*
28 *Les Sylphides, Petrouchka, Ballet Imperial*
29 *Les Patineurs, Petrouchka, Ballet Imperial*
30 (M) *Les Petrouchka. Ballet Imperial*
30 (E) *Les Patineurs, Petrouchka, Birthday Offering*

Apr.
1 *The Prince of the Pagodas* (Beriosova, Blair)
2 *The Prince of the Pagodas* (Beriosova, Blair)
3 *Checkmate, Petrouchka, Les Patineurs,*
4 *Checkmate, Petrouchka, Les Patineurs*
5 *The Prince of the Pagodas* (Beriosova, Blair)
6 (M) *Noctambules, Petrouchka, Ballet Imperial*
6 (E) *Noctambules, Petrouchka, Ballet Imperial*
9 *Les Patineurs, Symphonic Variations, Petrouchka*
9 *Noctambules, Symphonic Variations, Petrouchka*
10 *Ballet Imperial, Job, Daphnis and Chloe*
11 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Grey,* Chatfield)
12 *Les Sylphides, Job, Petrouchka*
13 (M) *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Grey,* Chatfield)
13 (E) *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Fonteyn, Somes)
15 *The Shadow, Birthday Offering, Job*
16 *Les Patineurs, Symphonic Variations, Petrouchka*
17 *The Shadow, Petrouchka, Job*
18 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Grey, Chatfield)
29 (M) *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Nerina, Blair) In New York for colour television of Ashton's *Cinderella.*

May
6 *Les Sylphides, Petrouchka, The Firebird*
10 *Les Patineurs, Petrouchka, The Firebird*
11 (M) *Coppélia* (Fifield, Shaw)
11 (E) *Coppélia* (Linden, Blair)
13–18 Royal Theatre, Dublin
21 *Noctambules, Petrouchka, Coppélia Act III*
25 (M) *Les Patineurs, The Firebird, Ballet Imperial*
25 (E) *Les Patineurs, The Firebird, Ballet Imperial*

* Cast subject to alteration owing to Beryl Grey's appendicitis operation.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET

Mar.
18 Embassy Theatre, Peterborough
25 Theatre Royal, Norwich

Apr.
8 Kings Theatre, Southsea
15 Palace Theatre, Plymouth
29 Liceo Opera House, Barcelona (4 weeks)

BALLET RAMBERT

Mar.
11 The Pavilion, Bournemouth
18 Grand Theatre, Leeds

Apr.
15 Theatre Royal, Nottingham
22 The White Rock Pavilion, Hastings

May
20 Grand Theatre, Swansea
27 The Pavilion, Torquay

FESTIVAL BALLET

Mar.
22–26 Folksteatret, Oslo
29–Apr. 7 Tivoli, Copenhagen

Apr.
9–11 Aarhus Hallen, Aarhus
23–29 Apollo Theatre, Dusseldorf
30 - May 5 Carre Theatre, Amsterdam

May
6–28 Théâtre des Champs-Elysées, Paris (3 weeks)
29–31 Wiesbaden (Festival)

June
4–8 Landes Theatre, Stuttgart
14–23 Teatro Manzoni, Milan
25–29 Rome or Florence (Festival)

July
1–2 Open Air Theatre (Festival), Geneva
3–5 Theatre Municipal (Festival), Lausanne
9–Sept. 7 Royal Festival Hall, London

BALLET HIGHLIGHTS

Nadia Nerina and Alexis Rassine
in concert performances

Mar.
18 His Majesty's Theatre, Aberdeen

LISA CZOBEL, ALEXANDER VON SWAINE
Modern German dancers at the Arts Theatre, London, on April 1 and 8

NEXT MONTH

In the May number of DANCE AND DANCERS

LOOK FOR

Opinions and many pictures of the new production of PETROUCHKA given by the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden. WALTER GORE on his aims as a choreographer. The verdict of the American Press on Kenneth MacMillan's WINTER'S EVE for Ballet Theatre. BACKSTAGE AT COVENT GARDEN; the first article of a new series which takes readers backstage at the Royal Opera House to meet the people who are responsible for the technical working of the theatre. The new production of THE SLEEPING BEAUTY in Copenhagen by BENT SCHONBERG. The Royal Swedish Ballet by MARY SKEAPING. The career of MARIA TALLCHIEF, of New York City Ballet, in pictures. ABSTRACT DANCER, the work of JEAN CEBRON. THE BALLET RAMBERT SCHOOL by E. C. MASON. Reports on British ballet companies touring the provinces by CLIVE BARNES. All the usual features and many of of topical interest and a large number of new pictures. On sale April 20

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